BRITANNIA and EVE

JULY 1949

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VOL. 39 No. 1 JULY, 1949

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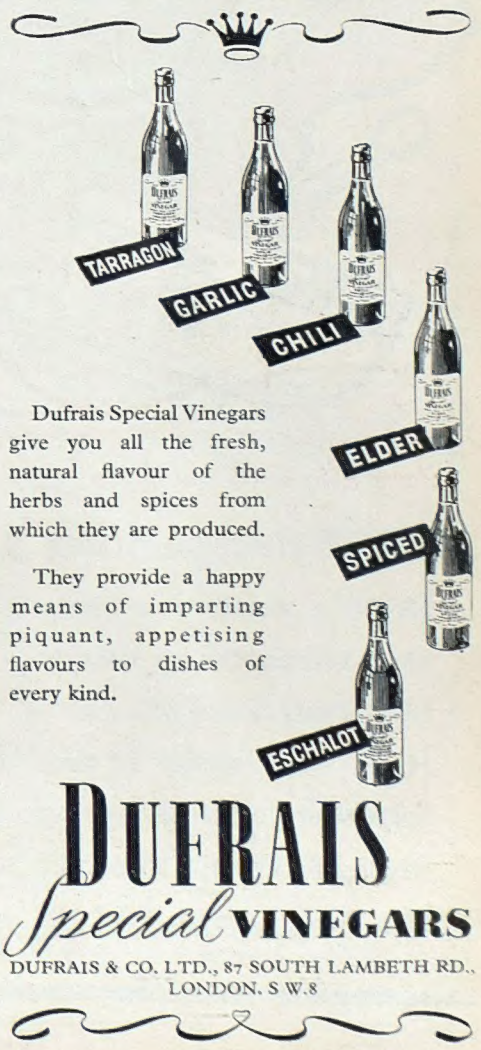
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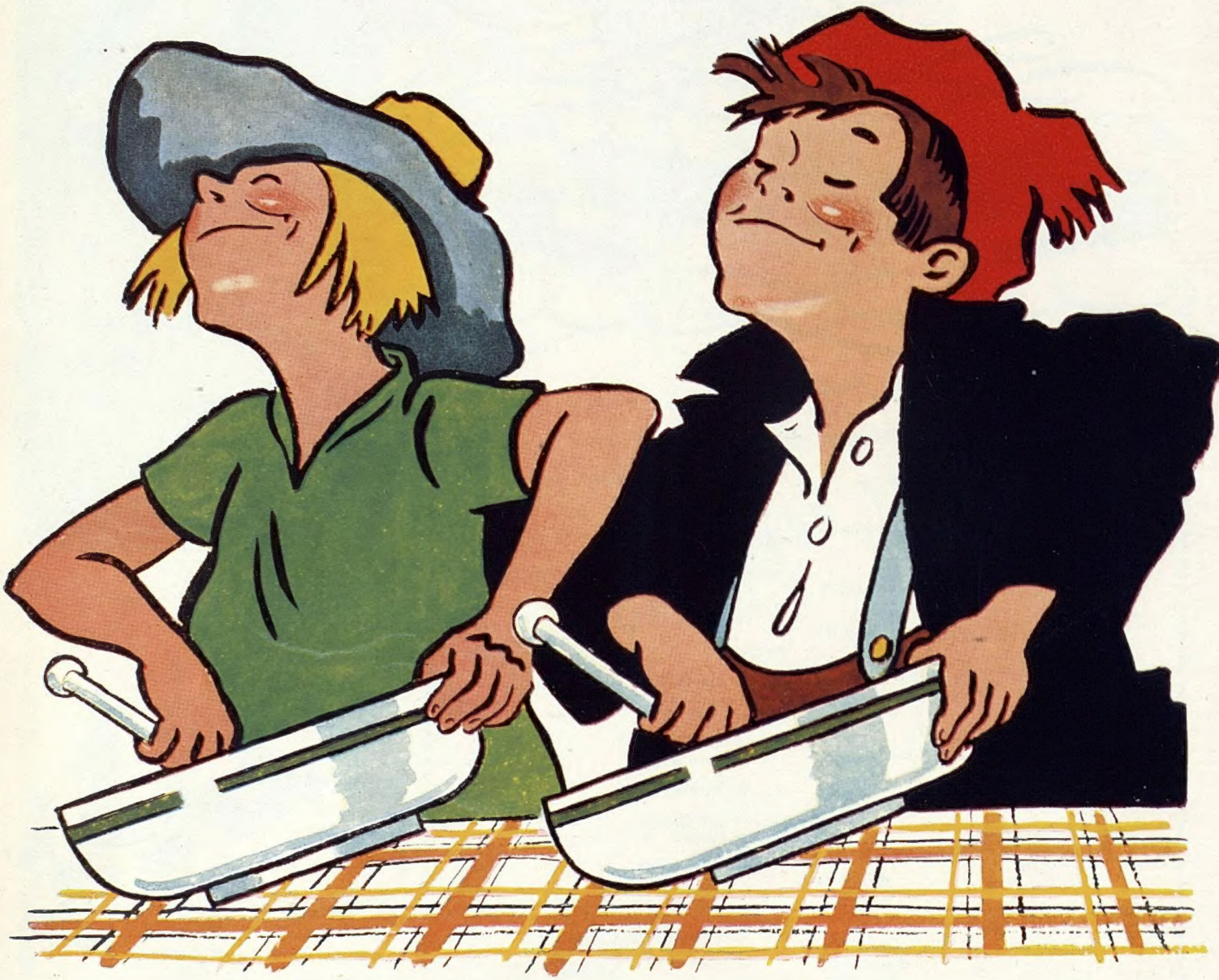

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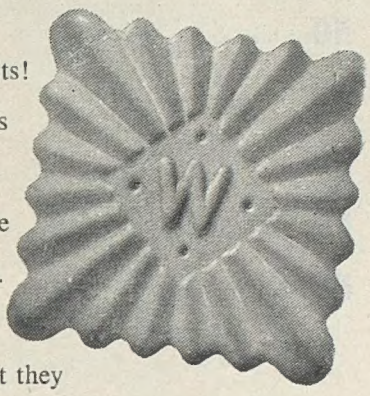

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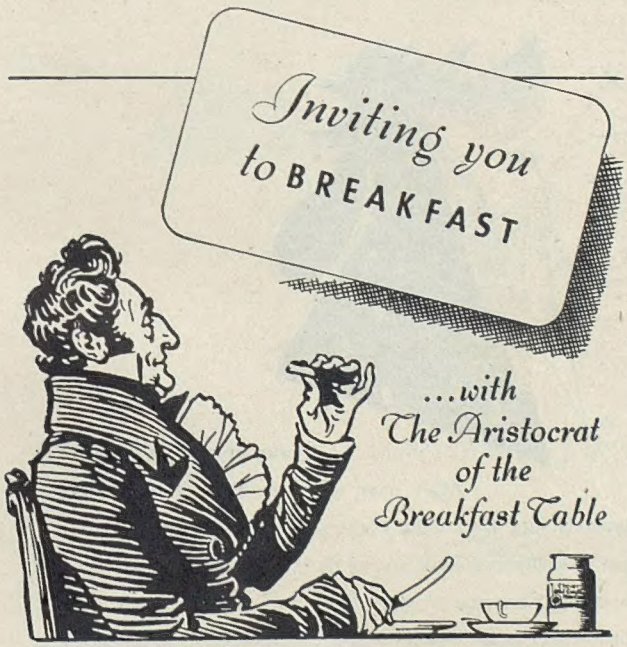

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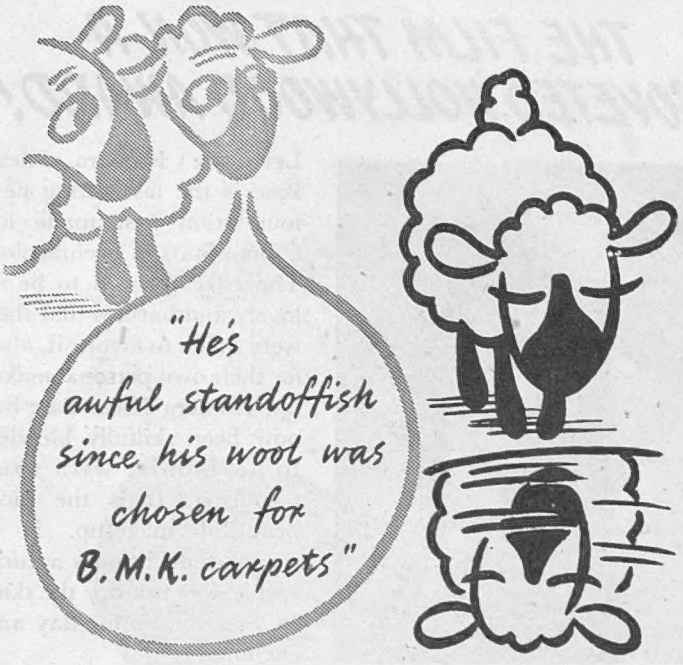

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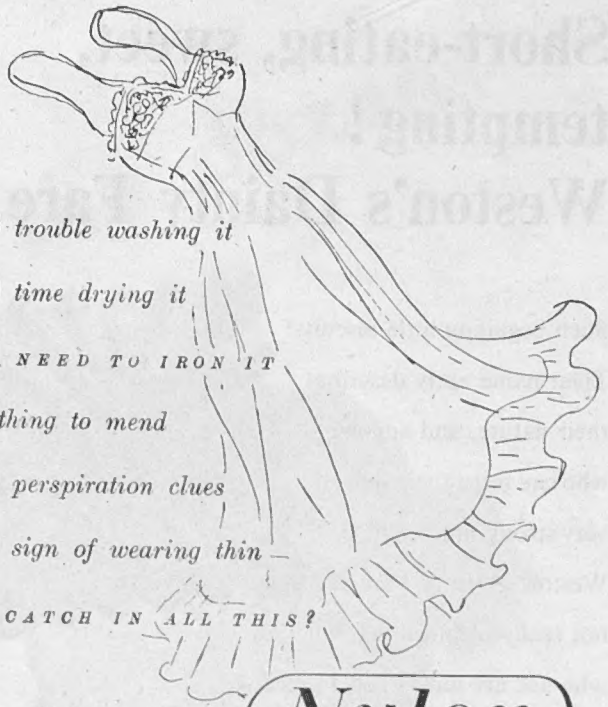

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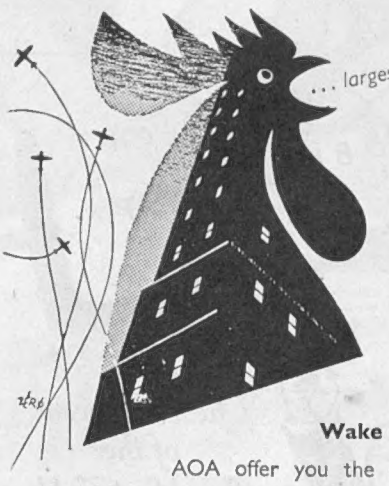

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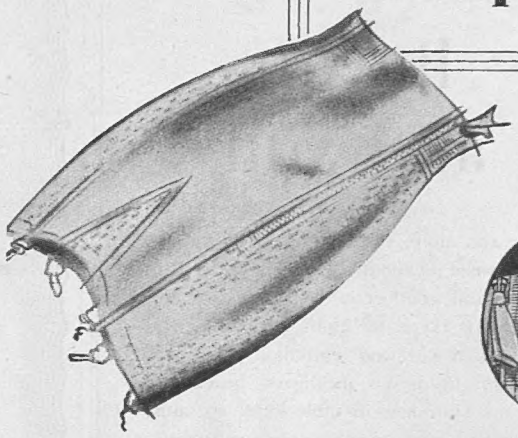

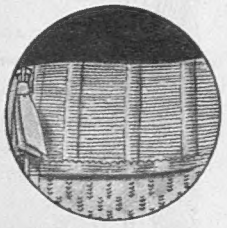

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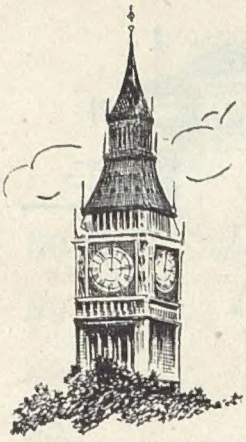

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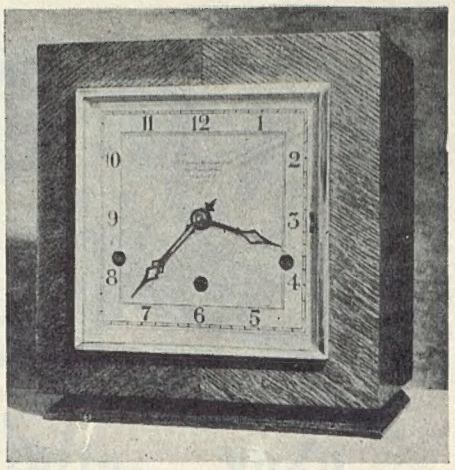

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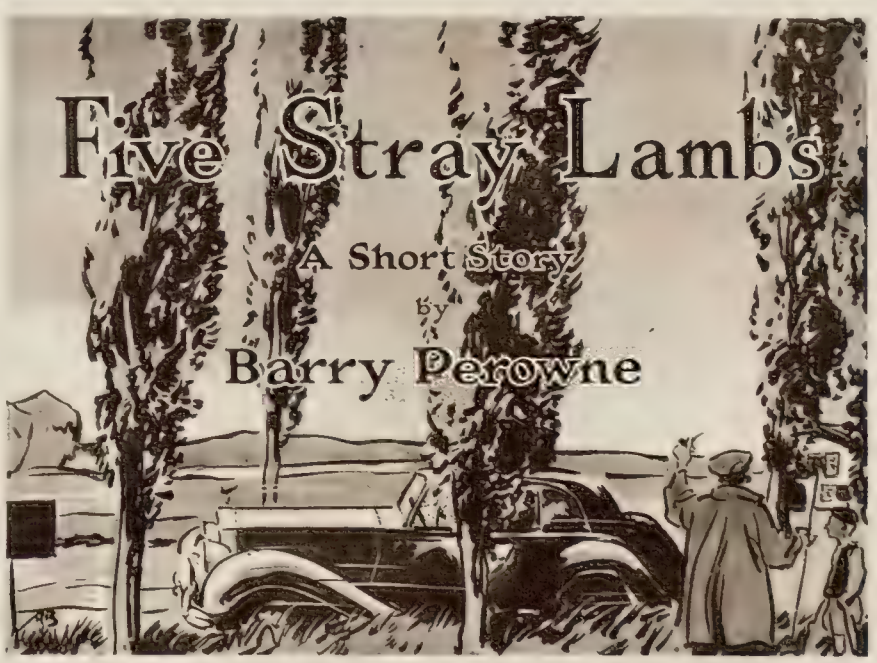
Rex got into his big, low-slung car, standing outside the squash club, and headed straight down into Surrey where his aunts lived



THE idea of getting some good, for once, out of his five elderly aunts first occurred to Rex Bellmer while he was playing squash.

He was a large, pink, self-indulgent man of thirty-five, with crinkly, dark, well-barbered hair. He regarded the best of everything as no more than his due, and for some days he had been preoccupied with greedy speculation as to how he could manage to get a couple of *de luxe* months at Monte Carlo on the current limited travel allowance.

Into his slightly protuberant brown eyes, as the thoughts of his aunts occurred to him, came a naturally stupid man's look of inspired cunning, and entirely missed a chance to bring off a simple drop shot.

His laughter echoed in the hollow-sounding court as he shouted boisterously, "Hole in the racquet, old boy!"

He could see no hole however in the scheme for which he proposed to recruit his five elderly aunts. It seemed to him a natural. He was astounded that he hadn't thought of making use of them before.

After his shower, he got into his big, low-slung car, standing outside the squash club, and headed straight down into Surrey, where his aunts lived together in a rather cramped, red-brick villa.

He once had heard a girl friend of his describe his aunts as "perfect lambs," but it was now some time since he had visited them and as he drove, he wondered with a twinge of uneasiness if they would receive him with cordiality.

He had inherited his considerable fortune from his uncle, the late Simon Lent, of Lent Hall. Whilst there had been no question of hanky-panky about the will, the late Simon Lent had been a quick-tempered, eccentric man, given to the tearing up and remaking of wills at the drop of a hat. It had so happened that he had been taken off by a peremptory apoplexy during the currency of a will in favour of his nephew, so that everything had come to Rex. Simon Lent's five sisters, of whom three were spinsters and two were widows, each had a modest income of her own. Living together as they did, they had quite enough, Rex considered, for old ladies to get along on. And, in fact, they had made no complaint about their exclusion from their brother's will, except for a mild reproach—especially from Aunt Bernardine Lent—when Rex had let them know that he expected them to move out of Lent Hall.

Very naturally, Rex had decided to make his own country home at Lent Hall. The excellent shooting and fishing would have been totally wasted on five old ladies; and for them to have remained there, when he was constantly bringing down gay parties from London, would have been very disturbing for them, bad for their nerves. The kindest thing to do had been to suggest that they make a nice little, labour-saving home together somewhere else, fairly far away.

It was true that, as Aunt Bernardine was apt tediously to point out, Lent Hall had been their childhood home; but this constant harking back, this dwelling among old memories, seemed to Rex to be pernicious for them, quite unhealthy. Anyway, going down to Lent Hall while they were there always made him feel like Bramwell Brontë on an off-day at Haworth Parsonage.

Still, it was now more than two years since his aunts had left the Hall, and something over a year since he had set eyes on them. As he pulled up outside their little villa, and strode in the moonlight up the rose-lined path, he felt pretty certain that time would have healed any lingering heartburnings.

He stabbed a confident thumb on the bellpush.

THE door was opened by Aunt Tosti—so-called because, as a girl, she had been a great hand at singing Tosti's "Goodbye." A suggestion of far-off drawing-room *musicales* still remained in her elaborate, grey coiffeur, her opulent curves, and the magnificent shot-silk shawl she wore over her black dress.

" Goodness ! " she cried, with well-controlled delight. " Why, goodness, it 's Rex ! "

Her thrilling, still musical, contralto voice brought Aunt Hilary into view between the red-sashed, white lace curtains of the narrow hall. Aunt Hilary was little and fragile, with frizzy auburn hair ; she wore many rings and lockets and had a gold watch pinned to her dress.

" Rex ? " said gentle Aunt Hilary. " Never tell me ! Come in, dear boy, come in."

In the parlour, where Persian cats purred reverberantly on special cushions, were seated Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—who was thin and tall and proud ; Aunt April, who was Aunt Hilary's twin, even to the gold watch ; and Aunt Bernardine, who was the youngest, the strongest character, and, paradoxically, was pretty and pink and plump, with forget-me-not-blue eyes and a hint of gold still in her hair.

" Well, aunts," said Rex genially when they were all sitting round sipping cups of health food, for the old ladies had been about to hit the hay, " Well, aunts, I have wonderful news for you ! "

" Have you come to take us back to Lent Hall, Rex ? " asked Aunt Bernardine, looking up at him mildly over knitting.

" Because, of course," said Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—with a look of hauteur, " it never was Simon's intention that his sisters should spend their declining years elsewhere than in their childhood home."

The twins, Hilary and April, nodded to each other confidentially, and Aunt Tosti, with an air of detachment, hummed in her deep voice a bar or two of " Less Than the Dust."

Rex rose and took up a virile attitude on the hearthrug, beaming upon them. " Aunts," he said, " I was thinking the other day, how often I 've heard you speak of the happy family holidays you used to spend at Boulogne long ago, remember ? "

" Boulgone-sur-Mer ! " exclaimed Aunt Hilary, clasping her frail, ringed hands. " Dear me, how the name takes one back ! Wait, I 'll just get the album——" Never move, dear," said Aunt April quickly ; " *I 'll* get it." She got it, presented Rex with it. " There, dear boy," she said, " some photographs. Oh, what ripping times we had ! See—here 's one of dear Simon himself, the very image."

Rex looked impatiently at a yellowed photograph of a scrawny young man with weepers, wearing a horizontally-striped, knee-length garment and a cricket cap, and gingerly immersing a toe in the briny from the steps of a wheeled bathing-machine.

" Yes, yes, Aunt April," said Rex. " But now, what I was thinking was this—after all your canteen work and stirrup-pumping and so on during the war, I 'd very much like to take you all for a nice week-end at Boulogne. There ! What do you think of that ? " He beamed round on them magnanimously. " A little present for my aunts."

Aunt Hilary and Aunt April exchanged wide, wondering looks. Aunt Tosti hummed " Oh, I Do Like to Be Beside the Seaside."

Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—said incredulously, " Take us for a holiday ? You ? "

" All expenses paid," said Rex. " My little treat to you. I 'm going over, anyway—going on to Monte Carlo. My first idea was to take you there, but then I thought that would be hardly considerate—the long, exhausting journey back would destroy all the good effects. But a nice week-end at Boulogne, now ! A complete change, your favourite place, and the short, bracing return voyage to set you all up. Just the job, eh ? "

Aunt Bernardine laid down her knitting, and her forget-me-not-blue eyes moved thoughtfully round the circle of her sisters.

" I think it 's very, very kind of Rex, my dears," she said, " and I think we should accept. It 'll quite take us out of ourselves."

" I 'll run upstairs and get our passports," said Aunt April, all excited. " I think they 're *just* still in force, because we got them to go to Aix-les-Bains in nineteen-thirty-nine—only, of course——"

" *I'll* get them," said Aunt Hilary. " You sit still, dear."

" What about the cats ? " said Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—doubtfully.

" Something can be arranged, no doubt," said Aunt Bernardine.

Aunt Tosti clasped her hands. " Boulogne-sur-Mer ! " she said, in her deep, thrilling voice.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

Rex glared up. His aunts were in a carriage passing by with a brisk clip-clop of horses' hooves. In the tawny shade under the white, tasselled canopy, they sat facing each other in their most summer finery

Rex took charge of the passports. He would see to all the details, he assured his aunts kindly; and leaving them in a prodigious flap, he drove back to town in his big car, chortling to himself. Five passports, five travel allowances—plus his own. Reckoning the cost of the Boulogne week-end at a fiver a head, that would leave the bulk of their travel allowances for him to spend at Monte Carlo. There would be ample for him to do himself *de luxe* at the Hotel de Paris for at least a couple of months. He laughed aloud, lost in admiration of his consummate cleverness.

FOUR days later, on a glorious sunshiny morning, with the sea as smooth as glass, Rex shepherded his aunts aboard the cross-Channel boat and supervised the loading of his great, glittering car.

These chores accomplished, he went to the bar, where a man in checks, with a bibulous nose, inquired if he were the courier of an old ladies' travel association.

"No, no," Rex said. "They 're just a gaggle of aunts. I 'm blowing them to a little outing. No obligation to, of course. Still," he added modestly, "one likes to do what one can."

"They 're having the time of their lives," said the bibulous gentleman. "Anyone can see it. You 're setting some of us a fine, generoush example, Sir. Do me the honour of taking a shnort smort with me."

On arrival at the hotel in Boulogne—an unextravagant hotel in the Beaurapier part of the town, away from the war damage—Rex encouraged his aunts to cash all their travellers' cheques right away.

"I think the best plan will be," he said, "to cash them now, and each of you keep, say, three pounds' worth of francs for spending money. Then you can just hand the rest over to me, and you 'll feel nice and free and unworried, and can enjoy your week-end without a care in the world. Won't that be lovely?"

"Ever so lovely," said Aunt Bernardine, already busy at her knitting. "And what do you plan to do with the balance, Rex?"

"Well, obviously, my dears," said Rex, "it won't be any use to you, so I might as well take it down to Monte with me. Who knows?" he added, with a brassy laugh. "I might be able to bring you all home a wonderful, extra present, if I have luck at the Casino."

"Have you a system, Rex?" asked Aunt Ellis. "I have a sound knowledge of roulette," said Rex.

"Ah," said Aunt Ellis, with a proud look, "but Bernardine has a system."

"You have a system, Aunt Bernardine?" said Rex indulgently.

"Why, yes, Rex, I have," said Aunt Bernardine, looking up at him with her calm, forget-me-not-blue eyes. "It was taught to me many years ago, in Monte Carlo itself, by Mr. Richard Spedder, a very dear friend of mine and of your Uncle Simon's. Mr. Spedder had lived for years in Monte Carlo on his system. I remember it so well, and I 'm looking forward to trying it again."

"Well, well," said Rex, "one of these days, perhaps——"

Aunt Bernardine smiled. "'One of these days,'" she said, "is a slogan of youth, Rex. One more practical for we old ladies is, 'No time like the present.' Here we all are. You have your car, with plenty of room in it, and we all have our nice little books of travellers' cheques that you so kindly gave us. When will such an opportunity come again, for old souls like us? Never, of course. So we 've talked it all over, Rex, and decided

to come to Monte Carlo with you and cash our travellers' cheques when we get there."

Rex's thick neck slowly suffused. He stared round at them with starting eyes. Aunt Hilary and Aunt April were nodding happily at each other. Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—looked defiant. Aunt Tosti hummed in her deep contralto "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

Rex began to reason with them. At first, he did so quietly enough, pointing out the rigours of the long journey. Then his natural impetuosity began to get the better of him. He started shouting. He shouted at the top of his voice, revealing all too plainly the cloven hoof, the ulterior motive which had prompted his original munificence.

"I'm sorry to say, Rex," said Aunt Bernardine, when she could get a word in edgeways, "that some suspicion of your real motive had already occurred to us. However, our minds are quite made up. We shall never again have the chance of going to Monte Carlo, and we intend to go now."

Rex raged. He said regrettable things. He threatened to wash his hands of them and return to England.

Aunt Bernardine knitted placidly. "You will do just as you please, of course, Rex," she said. "*We* are going, with our nice little books of travellers' cheques, to Monte Carlo."

REX had the single-track propensity of the man born stupid. It was a vague idea that just a day or two at Monte Carlo might suffice them, that he could then pack them home by train and use for himself the unexpended portion of their travel allowances, that he sullenly submitted to the situation.

His aunts greatly enjoyed the long drive across France. The family party made overnight stays at Paris and Lyons. Rex was nauseated by the old ladies' constant chatter. Aunt Ellis improvingly pointed out places of interest culled from her Baedeker. The weather was glorious. The sky was blue. Aunt Tosti made the way melodious with arias from the operas.

By the time they reached Monte Carlo, basking between azure sea and rose porphyry mountains, Rex was in such a state of baffled rage that the thought of staying under the same roof as his elderly relatives was unendurable to him. He debussed them at a small hotel remembered by Aunt Bernardine from her stay here years before.

Driving on past the imposing white façade and plumply curved sun-blinds of the Hotel de Paris, where he had planned to spend a couple of *de luxe* months, Rex ground his teeth with disappointment; and when, in his spartan little room at an unfashionable hotel-pension in the narrow Rue des Oliviers, he came to count over his money, he all but howled with fury. Most of the expenses to date had come out of his own allowance; he was already hard put.

He went to the Casino that night in a do-or-die mood. He moved from one roulette table to another, making niggardly, exasperated little bets, testing his luck. It was so atrocious that he had to go and brace himself with a couple of drinks.

When he returned to the so-called "kitchen," the first thing he saw was the sheen of Aunt Tosti's shot-silk shawl. There they all were, at one of the roulette tables, clustered round the back of a chair in which Aunt Bernardine was sitting.

Rex moved up behind them to see what was doing. His neck swelled with chagrin in his too-tight collar. Aunt Bernardine had already a considerable pile of chips and plaques before her; and as the croupiers intoned the winning hazards, the black rakes pushed another great heap towards her.

"*Faites vos jeux, messieurs, mesdames!*"

Rex felt a gentle hand on his arm.

"Isn't it wonderful, dear boy?" said Aunt Hilary, her cheeks faintly flushed from excitement. "Our clever Bernardine is doing *so* well!"

"Playing her system?" said Rex, with a jealous sneer.

"Oh, no, Rex, she very quickly got muddled with *that*," said Aunt Hilary. "She's playing from intuition."

"And how is our Rex doing?" cut in the astringent tones of Aunt Ellis.

"I can look after myself," said Rex sulkily.

He went off, seething, to another table, where he proceeded to look after himself so efficiently that only by a superhuman effort of will did he bring himself to desist while any money remained to him at all.

As he cashed his few remaining chips at the *caisse*, he had the felicity of watching several (*Continued on page* 50)

"You're mad," Rex said thickly. "You've put one over on me, but you can't get blood out of a stone. You know I've got no francs"

Princess Margaret walking in the Embassy Garden in Rome which she visited during her recent holiday on the Continent

A Day For Princesses

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE rapidly receding twenties and early thirties which look like occupying a morals and manners niche in the history books were a time for princes, for young men, so far as royalty was concerned. One need only recall the rolling publicity that followed in the wake of the Prince of Wales and his brothers, to spread abroad in the much recorded doings of heirs to the throne like Don Alfonso, Leopold, Umberto, Carol, Olaf, topping a company of less exalted princes.

Glancing around, it is evident that to-day is just as surely a time for princesses. Think—how seldom does this generation of princes fill the headlines. Of course, there are less of them, due to the further ravages of war. The fact remains that Prince Bernhard is almost the only one we hear of regularly, and Don Juan among the exiles.

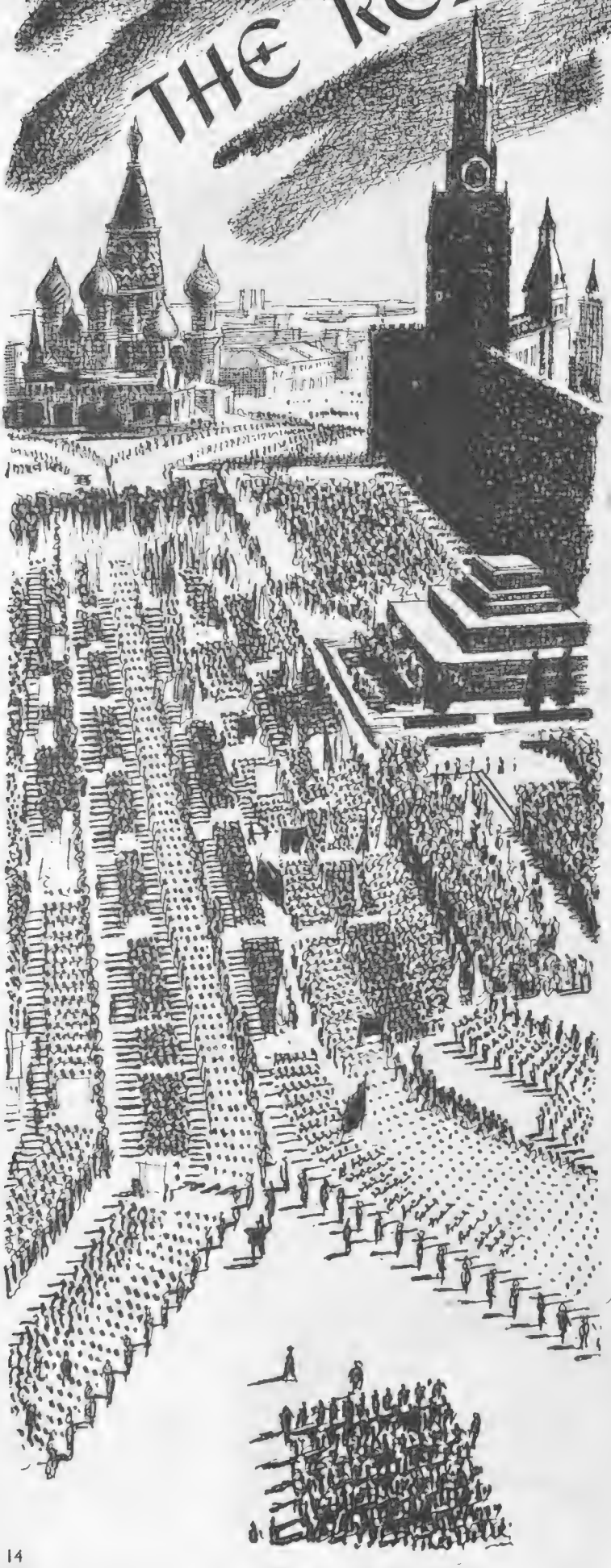
Turn to the princesses and what a different story! They seem to be six or seven to one prince, and bent on keeping up the disparity, judging by the stream of daughters learning their letters in Stockholm, The Hague and Copenhagen, particularly. Boy princes led by Prince Charles are in a decided minority.

Yet it is very much the England of boy princes which has set the contemporary vogue of princesses. What they do, where they go, what they wear, the friends and company they keep, their romances imagined or real, their flirtations, their tastes and pet distractions, sporting proclivities and cultural leanings, their fads and fancies and even their education, training and abilities: how they rate at public functions (*Continued on page* 55)

(*Above*) Princess Elizabeth leaving the Stock Exchange after paying a private visit with the Duke of Edinburgh

(*On left*) Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret at supper at a Charity Ball in aid of King George's Fund for Sailors

THE RED GODS OF RUSSIA



IN Monte Carlo a year or so before he died, Nicolas Titulescu told me an amusing story of a game of musical chairs at Lady Astor's. In appropriate pantomime the Rumanian statesman gave an imitation of himself and M. Maisky running round the last remaining chair, himself holding on to M. Maisky's coat tails. At that time M. Maisky was Russian Ambassador to London, and high in the confidence of M. Stalin. Very shortly afterwards M. Maisky was recalled to Russia. Where is he now, does anybody outside of the Kremlin know?

Lady Astor's game of musical chairs has been much in my mind latterly because I began to investigate Moscow's recent game of puss in the corner, although I note that some writers call this Moscow parlour game, musical chairs. In point of fact, this game as played in Moscow is quite old and has been played by M. Stalin ever since Lenin died. M. Stalin drove Trotsky out; that was the pivot as I discovered. I never visited Russia until 1927, but since then I have visited the country several times and travelled extensively until M. Litvinov barred me. There you have another Red God of Russia who has passed into oblivion. What has become of our goodly Maxie?

When the U.S. Government accorded Soviet Russia diplomatic recognition, Mr. Roosevelt did that in 1933, M. Litvinov was made Russian Ambassador to Washington, and the massive bespectacled man with an English wife (the former Miss Low) rode on the crest of a wave of popularity. Maybe M. Stalin thought too popular (as he did M. Maisky), because he brought him back to Moscow. M. Litvinov, the man who had once served a term in Brixton Prison, became Moscow's Minister for Foreign Affairs. He began a policy of collaboration with the West, with the capitalist countries. Mr. Anthony Eden went to see him in Moscow and M. Litvinov made a speech saying peace was indivisible.

In Moscow, Stalin told Mr. Eden that England was a very small country to have so much to say in the world. I dare say Mr. Eden remembered that conversation when, a little later M. Stalin sacked M. Litvinov and replaced him by M. Molotov.

ALL these moves in the game of puss in the corner have a meaning, of course, and no doubt the Fourteen Gentlemen in the Kremlin like to keep the world guessing as to their meanings, but, sooner or later the meanings come crystal clear. One thing to be noted is this : if a man loses his post it has a meaning, but if he was a member of the Politburo, the Supreme Council which directs all policy, and he loses his post *and* ceases to be a member of the Council, then it means that he has seriously displeased M. Stalin and his colleagues and has disappeared for ever.

When M. Litvinov was dismissed, the world wondered, but soon enough the meaning was clear. The departure of M. Litvinov marked the end of the policy of collaboration with the West. It has never been resumed, except during the enforced collaboration, when Germany attacked Russia.

WHO was M. Molotov before he replaced M. Litvinov? He was regarded as an uninspiring man with a faint impediment in his speech, until suddenly one day he was chosen by M. Stalin to replace Premier Rykov, the man with a stammer. To make a man Foreign Secretary when he is a Premier may appear on the surface to be an Irishman's rise, but not in Russia. M. Rykov, a Red God, passed and M. Molotov became a Red God.

He inaugurated, backed of course by the Politburo, the policy of collaboration with Germany. It is not my purpose to discuss here and now *why* the Kremlin inaugurated this policy, but we find M. Molotov in Berlin hobnobbing, as the saying is, with the Nazis and present at a party in the Russian Embassy in Unter den Linden the night the R.A.F. was over Berlin bombing the Anhalter Bahnhof. We heard little enough of M. Molotov during the war, but when Germany was defeated we found M. Molotov going full steam ahead with his policy of non-collaboration with the West.

ARE CHANGING, BUT...

By

Harry J. Greenwall

THE world's wishful thinkers thought that M. Molotov was sacked and foresaw a change of Russia's foreign policy, but you will note that M. Molotov remains a member of the Politburo. This particular Red God was removed from his particular corner, but he was replaced by an underling, M. Vishinsky, who has always shown himself to be an uncompromising upholder of the policy of non-collaboration with the West. Students of current Russian foreign policy who have followed M. Vishinsky's deportment at U.N.O. meetings, where he was Russian Chief Delegate, can only support this contention.

ANOTHER Red God, M. Mikoyan, who was Minister for Foreign Trade, was also removed from his post in this recent game of puss in the corner, but like M. Molotov, he remains a member of the Politburo.

In former games, such as those played in the early 1930's, famed Red Gods were purged. Just look at the list: Rykov, Tomsky, Bukharin, Uglanov, Kaganovitch, Kirov, Kossior, Comrade Baron Steyer, Florinsky, Tukhachevsky, Karl Radek.

Sergei Kirov, Stalin's close friend, was assassinated mysteriously in 1934; Steyer mysteriously disappeared in 1937; Florinsky, of the Moscow Foreign Office, was exiled in 1934; Tukhachevsky was shot in 1937, together with seven other high up military officers; Radek was sentenced to death and then reprieved.

Other famed but slightly less important Red Gods, such as General Bleucher, who helped to plant Bolshevism in China, and Budenny, great cavalry officer, also passed from the picture. Of a certainty, this latest Moscow shuffle was less spectacular, but its real import may well be more sinister.

IT is clear that those who were removed from their departmental posts, but who nevertheless remain members of the Politburo have suffered this "sea change" so that their talents, recognized by M. Stalin and by their Politburo colleagues, can be utilized to their fullest extent. It should be considered obvious then, whatever policy the Politburo intends to follow with regard to the Western nations, it will most certainly not be a policy of appeasement, but it is now necessary to look at other changes which have taken place and to see how those fit into the general picture. The one purge that may have taken place is that in the person of M. Voznesenski who has been removed from his post of President in charge of the Five Year Plan. M. Voznesenski *was* a member of the Politburo, but whether he is still is a moot point. Since he was removed from his post his name has never appeared as a member of the Politburo, although Moscow has not announced that he has ceased to be a member. Nevertheless, his name has never figured among members of the Politburo who have attended various official functions subsequent to M. Voznesenski's removal from his post.

If M. Voznesenski *has* been dismissed from the Politburo, it means he has fallen into disgrace, and this is of vital importance to the Western countries, because it is a confirmation of the rumours that have been running in the various listening posts on the fringe of the Iron Curtain.

It has been said these many months that economic conditions inside Russia have been growing worse, which means the failure of M. Voznesenski's mission, a failure which was bound to have repercussion on Russia's military, aerial and naval development.

Another change which is linked to the Molotov shuffle is that of General Sokolovsky who has ceased to be Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army of Occupation in Germany, and has become Vice-Minister of the Soviet Armies. This may or may not be promotion, but it is certainly not disgrace, yet its potential import is most significant. General Sokolovsky's successor is General Chuikov, who was only promoted to his present grade a few months back, which suggests that the Politburo had some particular reason to nominate him to the post of Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Army of Occupation in Germany at the present time. (*Continued on page* 66)

Collecting seaweed on a Cornish beach after a gale. St. Michael's Mount is seen in the background

(*On right*) A Japanese mother with her daughter drying starch, made from seaweed, in the town of Ishikawa, Fukushima. The value of this industry is up to 300,000,000 yen a year

Why Not Farm The Sea?

By Warren Armstrong

A FADED hat shielded his eyes from the sun; his back leaned comfortably against an upturned fishing-boat, his long legs were stretched on the shingle beach; he might well have been Canute indulging in Second Thoughts—or a yeoman surveying his farmstead. There *was* that look in his eyes . . . and, like the average farmer, he was eating bread and cheese, with something in a bottle which bore a familiar label.

"I'm on holiday" he said, by way of unbending; deftly, he tossed a pebble into the spume of an ebbing tide, then, with a sweep of his arm towards the sun-flecked sea, he asked why I had come to see him.

"Seaweed," I said. I happen to know that his opinions are sought by more than one Government department. "I've thought of it only as something to try and forecast the weather. . . ."

"So many do. Perhaps because as a nation we've never made any attempt to farm all this. Now, with the need for cheaper food, with world shortages, with scientific advances, it's time we *did* something! And seaweed could do so much for us. . . ."

"If Britain adopted systematic *re*-fertilization of all her coastal waters in much the same way that pasture-lands can be improved to give added milk yield and more crops, so would our national yield of fish—*and the quality*—be increased tenfold.

"Last July, many tons of good fish were condemned along this part of the coast; in addition, some million codlings were thrown back into the sea. All because it became unfit for food through glutted markets. Yet the home canning industry every glut-season could comfortably produce millions of tins of fish for export to countries, in exchange for a variety of products *they* grow or make and *we* need.

Alginate yarn made from seaweed. Scientists have discovered that the common seaweed can be used to make fabrics, ink, ice-cream, fertilizer, cosmetics, custard powder and explosives. Fabrics made from Alginate cannot be washed in soap as soda dissolves the Alginate

"Six years have passed since the Ministry of Supply called for a national survey of Britain's coastline resources; that survey produced remarkable evidence, never made public. It produced conclusive proof that all sea-life is wholly dependent upon countless organisms, grouped under the name 'plankton,' of which at that time there were about ten tons to every surface acre of the sea. It's decreased since then; but we could improve handsomely on that figure, by 'farming' the coastal waters instead of by polluting them with millions of ditched, dead fish. No farmer ignores the quality of his grass; it's time Britain regarded seaweed *for the same food-value reason*!"

"*Could* the coast be farmed?" I ventured.

"Easily! For experimental purposes, an area of about 3,000 acres off the Californian coast was scheduled for similar farming with specially designed reapers which cut and gathered the crop, and endless-chain binders which brought (*Continued on page* 62)

Pearls Are For Queens

Veronique Was Referred To, By The Girls She Worked With, As "Mademoiselle La Sainte" Until . . .

By Maurice Dekobra

Illustrations by Frank Lea

VERONIQUE stood alone in front of the full-length mirror and gazed at herself

IT all began one day in May. Veronique Doublet was busy tapping away at her typewriter in the auditing department of the Banque Internationale when Mme Morel, her supervisor, leaned over and said: "M. Monsigul wants you to be in his office at ten thirty sharp."

Veronique paled. In her three years at the Banque she had never been face to face with M. Monsigul, the most important of the Banque's six directors. As a matter of fact, M. Monsigul rarely saw anybody except the other directors. When he strode through the office the whole force pitched itself into frenzied activity, and conversation froze as though under an arctic chill. M. Monsigul was the Big Boss, the Important, the Inaccessible, before whom Mme Morel and the other supervisors wilted. What terrible error had she committed? She shuddered, and found herself staring at the clock in horrified fascination as the minute hand edged toward the half-hour.

Veronique Doublet was one of those rare creatures who looked completely and unassailably virginal—and was. She had the pallid face and delicately ascetic features of a nun in a sixteenth-century painting, and it would have come as no surprise to anybody that she had been raised in a small and well disciplined convent in the Department of the Loire. Now, after three years as stenographer at the powerful Banque Internationale, in Paris, she had never quite lost a certain manner of cloistral sweetness and unimpeachable innocence which hung about her like a fragrance. Her appearance was sufficient insurance against such frivolous distractions as gay parties, men, champagne and night clubs.

Not that Veronique cared very much. She made a habit of telling herself that her job mattered more than anything else in the world. While the other girls were still stumbling into the office or arranging their faces in the dressing-room, Veronique was already hunched over her desk. She was proud of her punctuality and her reputation for scrupulous efficiency. The rest never mattered. She was aware that the other girls kept at a respectful distance and disdainfully referred to her as "Mademoiselle la Sainte." That didn't matter either. Veronique lived in a tight little world of her own filled with carbon paper, bank reports, typewriters and audit machines.

Now and then, indeed, a siren voice would drift over to her from a far universe, generally from the direction of the "Duchess." The Duchess was Veronique's neighbour in the auditing department, a tall smouldering redhead, short on brains but endowed with a number of smooth, voluptuous curves. These she threw artfully and effectively in the direction of any male in the neighbourhood old enough to carry a billfold. Veronique hated her perfume and her habit of chewing gum, and even more the flashy "day" dresses and jewellery which accounted for her title. She knew they were more than a stenographer's salary could pay for. Besides, the Duchess made no secret of a life of promiscuous pleasures, deriving a kind of vicious enjoyment out of pouring the fancier details into Veronique's shocked ears.

The truth was that she felt a little sorry for "Mademoiselle la Sainte," with the self-satisfied pity of a successful prima donna for a stage-frightened ingènue.

"You ought to snap out of it, kid," she often said. "You don't know what you're missing. Believe me, you're only young once."

The advice fell on deaf ears. Veronique tapped away at her machine and shut out temptation. The Duchess relaxed and sighed and murmured under her breath: "Poor thing," and she resumed her chewing with thoughtful nonchalance.

M. Monsigul was a medium-sized man with a completely bald head and slightly deformed ears that

jutted out at right angles like gargoyles. He had the authority of ugliness. Authority had come easily to him. His father had been a Cabinet Minister and his elder brother was a general in the Armée Coloniale. One of M. Monsigul's sorrows was a beautiful blonde wife who deceived him with monotonous regularity, for which he was presently consoling himself with a brilliant *comedienne* of the Comèdie française. But in the Banque he was shrewd and tireless, and his reputation in financial circles was of a high order.

M. Monsigul surveyed the slim figure of Veronique appraisingly, his hands folded over a sheaf of papers on his desk. He looked, and was, completely satisfied. Mme Morel was right, he thought. The girl was perfect. No lipstick, no rouge, a simple unadorned cotton dress. Pretty? Well . . . in a negative way. Very negative. And what innocence! Honesty written all over her.

"Mlle Doublet, do sit down."

Veronique slid uncertainly into the leather-bound chair and found herself staring at M. Monsigul's silk blue polka-dot tie. Her pallor had given way to a soft virginal blush. It was something in M. Monsigul's look. As a matter of fact M. Monsigul, now past fifty, rarely looked at a woman without giving her the sense that both outer and under garments were absolutely superfluous. In her innocent way, even Veronique felt obscurely undressed.

"Mademoiselle Doublet," the banker pursued, getting to the business at hand, "I've just read your file." His eyes ran over the sheaf of papers. "Deportment, punctuality, accuracy—everything first rate. Let me congratulate you."

Veronique murmured an indistinguishable thanks.

"I've called you in here, Mlle Doublet, to propose an addition to your other duties. Not a job, really. Let's say a kind of chore—very simple, and yet delicate and requiring the utmost confidence. Do you follow me?" A moment of impressive silence followed as M. Monsigul let these thoughts sink into the girl's mind. "Among our clients we have an Englishwoman by the name of Mrs. Oliver Marsh-Braxton. The soap heiress. Maybe you've heard of her. Godiva Castille. 'Protect your beauty with Godiva, etc., etc.,' Mrs. Marsh-Braxton herself is quite a person. Runs about a good deal. Has a magnificent villa in St. Cloud. Has had a dozen—ah—(M. Monsigul felt himself slightly thwarted by Veronique's evident chastity)—husbands. That's not all. She has a collection of jewellery which is world famous. As you might guess, it is the jewellery which will concern us—most particularly a certain pearl necklace which once belonged to Catherine the Great of Russia, and whose value is estimated at some twenty millions of francs. The necklace is lying at this moment in our safety deposit vault, where Mrs. Marsh-Braxton has deposited it. Mlle Doublet, do you know anything about pearls?"

Veronique knew nothing whatever about pearls.

"It is a curious fact that even the rarest pearls lose their lustre with time. This is especially true, it appears, with the Oriental variety. They die slowly if they are not worn, and contact with the human skin is a condition of their life. This is why Mrs. Marsh-Braxton has asked me to see that her pearls are worn at least three hours a day, and to choose for this purpose one of our trusted employees. The job is yours if you want it."

Veronique stuttered: "I don't know what to say . . . the responsibility. . . ."

"By the way, the client has opened a credit of 300 francs a day as recompense for the person chosen. Naturally, the responsibility is heavy, but be assured, Mademoiselle, that all precautions will be taken. You will wear the pearls while at work from two o'clock to five in the

VERONIQUE was only aware that he was the most wonderful human being she had ever seen

afternoon. You will return them to the vault at that time, where they will be safely locked up each evening. There's no possible risk. What do you say?"

Monsigul was not a man to refuse. Then, too, she thought of those 300 francs in addition to her regular salary. She breathed: "I'd be glad to—be of service."

"Ah! Fine! Fine! I confess that I expected as much from you, Mademoiselle. I am sure you will not be sorry. Good day, Mademoiselle."

That a New Existence was beginning for her was something that Veronique

herself would have been the last to suspect. She was realistic and practical and saw life as a perfectly logical series of events leading from one day to another. Nevertheless, all the following morning she was jittery with impatience to view her temporary acquisition.

At exactly five minutes to two she began her descent into the safety deposit vault, two flights underground. The supervisor of that phase of the Banque's activities was a stoop-shouldered, greying individual named M. Boudegogne, whose ancient vest and murky, sallow skin made him look as though he had been gathering dust for years along with his vaults. He was already waiting for her, an oblong shaped velvet case in his hands. He looked at his watch, smiled wryly, and with a small ceremonious gesture opened the case and held it out for her to see.

Veronique gasped. The beauty of Queen Catherine's pearls was no disappointment. They were perfectly matched in three symmetrical rows, softly glowing in subtle shades of blue and rose, the largest the diameter of a small marble. The clasp was almost as wonderful as the rest of it, being of white platinum set with a large sapphire and innumerable brilliants. M. Boudegogne himself placed the jewel about her neck. It hung well below the neckline of her dress. She realized suddenly that she had never worn any adornment in her life, and always the simplest of dresses. Now, all at once, she was bedecked with one of the most lavish jewels on earth. The thought dizzied her. For the first time Veronique burned to look in a mirror.

"Above all," M. Boudegogne cautioned, "not a word to the others. The fewer who are in on the secret, the less the risk."

Veronique promised the utmost secrecy. She left the dingy subterranean corridor and made her way back to her desk. No, not right away—to the dressing-room. She stood alone in front of the full-length mirror and gazed at herself. She thought: Am I pretty? Am I as pretty as a duchess? No, not a duchess—as a queen? She remembered reading somewhere that Queen Catherine was not pretty at all. She stared curiously at her own small, delicate features, and it seemed to her that they were glowing now over the wonderful pearls with a soft beauty of their own. . . .

IN the office the jewels created a small sensation. The eyes of the Duchess fastened on the necklace with a look of incredulous fascination, like a trout on an angler's worm. When Veronique assured her that they were merely the latest novelty at the popular stores, she subsided into her normal gum-chewing complacency, but made a mental note that the un-glamorous Veronique was at last heading in the right direction. And Veronique realized that, fake or no, the pearls made her rise a small degree in her colleagues' estimation. She felt a tinge of pleasure.

Now, with 300 francs a day in addition to her regular salary, Veronique was able to buy a new frock from time to time, and she chose them with low necklines to set off the pearls. She told herself that they were practical, too, since the pearls were supposed to lie in direct contact with her skin. But the dresses were smarter than she had ever worn, in warm colours that set off the necklace no less than her fresh creamy complexion. More and more often she stole glances at herself in the mirror. She discovered, to her excitement, that men were turning to stare at her in the streets. Even old M. Boudegogne simmered with admiration. At five o'clock, when she descended into the vault to return her precious charge to its case, she found him rubbing his hands expectantly like a prime minister, chuckling: "If her Majesty will permit me . . . Ah, thank you, your Majesty. . . ."

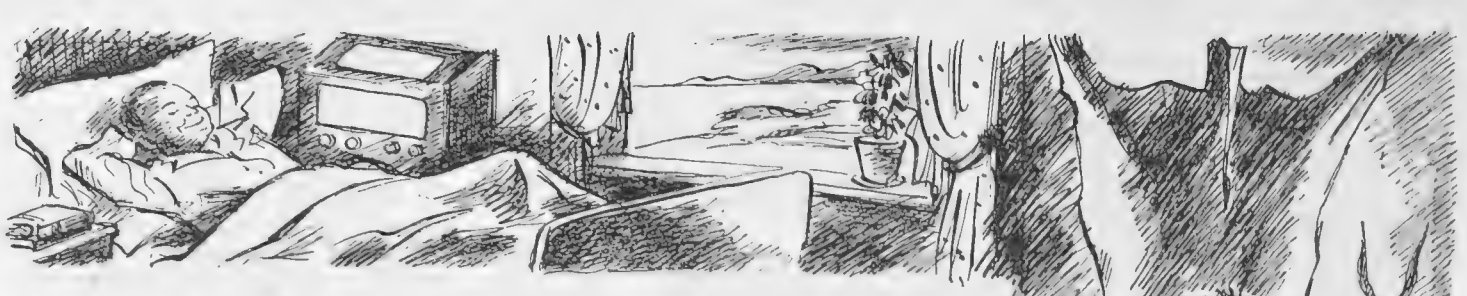
AFTER three months Veronique became quite used to wearing one of the world's most famous show-pieces around her neck. It was almost personal property. In fact, she had been more than wearing them. She had been living up to them. The pearls opened up new vistas. In many ways she felt a different person. She had lost her tranquillity. Somehow living had become more complex, and happiness something dim and elusive in her which she would have to search and discover. . . .

Then one morning—it was the fourteenth of June—she arrived at her desk to find a note waiting for her. It read: *Mlle Doublet is requested to see the Director Monsigul in his office at three this afternoon. IMPORTANT.* At precisely that time she eased herself once more into the leather chair and waited for the bald head to rise from its labours. After a minute it did so, and this time Veronique felt a distinct satisfaction in the Boss's appraising gaze.

She met it cool and unblushing, and something in the way she did so made M. Monsigul clear his throat. "Mlle Doublet," he said, "It's about the pearls. I hope you've been enjoying them."

Veronique replied brightly that she had.

"Mrs. Marsh-Braxton is very happy about our arrangement. She is back in her villa at St. Cloud, on her way to the Riviera, and took the trouble to tell me so. What's more, she'd like them delivered to her by you personally. She said she was curious about what you looked like. Since she's wearing them at midnight at the Gala du Camelia Rose, I'm afraid we'll be obliged to have them there by ten to-night. I hope you'll be free?" He looked at her questioningly, but Veronique recognized an (*Continued on page 60*)



So You're Going On Holiday?

And if you don't have one of the best times of your life, it may be due more to thoughtlessness than to lack of money

By C. Patrick Thompson

I MET the man at the Invalides air terminal. He was with the friend I had come to meet off the New York plane. My friend was spending a fortnight's busman's holiday in Paris, business and pleasure combined; and this other fellow after a couple of days was going to England.

"Most adventurous guy I ever met," said my friend, as we all got into the taxi to go up to the hotel for breakfast, ham and eggs, crusty French bread and white butter, bad coffee and good brandy—you need a huntsman's breakfast after flying the Atlantic. "He's taking a holiday I wouldn't have the nerve to face up to."

I looked at the round, bespectacled face, the slightly greying temples. Elk hunting in Lapland? No, that doesn't need nerve. You can hop a sleeper in Stockholm or Oslo now, and land on the Arctic Circle a day later; and the comfort offered by the hostels nestling on the slopes of the Lapp mountains is only a degree below the hotels of the Swiss Alps, while the risk to life and limb up there is considerably less than it is on the Swiss ski-runs, or Brighton beach when they're flying the red danger flag.

A motor trip London to Capetown? A hunting expedition in the African lion country? Nothing to it for the young, or even the healthy middle aged, these days. It's all part of the organized tourist and vacation business, running along beaten tracks, with no new and hazardous trails to be blazed. A lion-hunting holiday, of course, can run into a little money. A wealthy woman I know was quoted £9,000 for a lion-hunting holiday, with each member of the party guaranteed to return alive with one dead lion in his baggage to boast about "back home."

Giant tarpon and sailfish to fight off Capetown, or Miami? A 10,000-mile aerial round trip, dropping down, stage by stage, on all the glamorous capitals and distant playgrounds you've dreamed about in a stay-at-home life? No: I gave it up.

"It's very simple," said the adventurer mildly. "I'm going to bed for a month. No; I'm not ill. I've picked my bed in a nice big room overlooking a lovely stretch of Devon country. Lying in bed, I can look over gardens and woods to the sea. I've had an automatic-change gramophone installed, made arrangements about books, hired a couple of tutors."

He went on to explain that he'd been working without a proper holiday for years. Then he'd found his work power slipping, consulted doctors, been advised to take an extended vacation. He had started wondering what he wanted to do, where he wanted to go.

He found he didn't want to go any place in particular. His business for years had taken him travelling relentlessly. He had never learnt to play, didn't care for games or sports, met a lot of varied people in business, and had no talent for gregariousness. Finally, the doctors had told him that what he really needed was a rest and change. From what? From travel, people, business, the strains and stresses of an unremitting anxious business life, that had taken a lot out of his organism.

So he woke up one morning with the answer to his holiday problem sitting up, as he put it, on his chest. He'd lie around in bed in a pleasant spot, catch up on his reading and music, get grounded in a couple of useful languages.

He was unaware that two other intelligent men had indulged, though inadvertently, in similar holidays in their time. Somerset Maugham, developing lung trouble, had been obliged to stay in bed, and had then, as a formerly active, nervously restless man, discovered that lying around in bed can be one of the great pleasures of life. The late H. G. Wells, forcibly bedded in young manhood by a similar illness, was granted the same revelation. He found the experience enchanting. It changed the course of his life.

THE recipe for a good holiday is simple. It's change, complete change, and relaxation. And the test of a good holiday is equally simple. If you return refreshed, good-humoured, eager for work, with a feeling of zest and enterprise, you've had a good holiday. Few people do come back from a holiday feeling—as they should—that they have had two or more of the best weeks of their lives. But most people who are intelligent about their holidays do usually achieve a reasonable part of the possible maximum.

There is no magic formula for change and relaxation. Different people find one or the other, or both, in different ways. Placid people can get both going to the same place, where they do the same things, year after year—provided they have fun there. Adventurous people would only be (*Continued on page* 68)

BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY

The Love Story Of The Ploughman-Poet And Mary Campbell

Illustrated by JACK MATTHEW.

SEEK the solitary windings of the Ayr below Mauchline and you will be haunted by as gentle and lovely a ghost as any in the annals of poetry and romance : a playful, vivacious Highland lassie with blue eyes smiling under red hair, in the simple dress befitting a nursemaid of two centuries ago.

She is walking beside the young ploughman-poet, Robert Burns, and they are enchantingly in love. It is a Sunday in the May-time of 1786, when the vale is fragrant with bloom, loud with bird-song. They pause on the river-bank, dip their hands into a small burn rustling by, and standing either side of it, vow eternal love and fidelity over Bibles which they exchange as solemn pledges and tokens. The one the poet gives her, in two volumes, is inscribed with their names : Mary Campbell, Robert Burns. In the first he has written : " And ye shall not swear by My Name falsely, I am the Lord. Levit. 19th chap. 12th verse "; in the second : " Thou shalt not forswear thyself but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath. Matth. 5th chap. 33rd verse."

Burns and Mary Campbell. He is to go out to Jamaica to work on a negro plantation. She will accompany him as his wife. The dream they cherish.

Burns is to go out to Jamaica to work on a negro plantation. Mary will accompany him as his wife. That is the dream they cherish this May Sabbath. But when they part—and it is the tenderest of partings, for Mary is to give up her situation with the Gavin Hamilton family in Mauchline and spend the summer with her parents in Campbeltown—they are never to meet again except in the poems he dedicates to her memory, *Highland Lassie, Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary? To Mary in Heaven, Highland Mary,* and his tribute to this simple sailor's daughter from Auchanmore, near Dunoon: "My Highland Lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love."

BURNS was a heartsick young man of twenty-seven that spring, needful of a new love to solace him for an old which had gone awry, the first serious one of his life. Crossing the Mauchline green with his dog, he had seen comely Jean Armour, the mason's daughter, bleaching clothes with other girls. The dog had run on to the clean linen. She had scolded it and pitched something at it.

"Lassie," said Burns, "if ye thought aught o' me, ye wadna hurt my dog."

Jean thought: "I wadna think much o' you at ony rate!" but later at the Mauchline Races dance she met him again and they became acquainted—also through the little dog, which was following his master's steps. Grimacing at Jean, Burns remarked to his partner: "I wish I could fa' in wi' some lassie who would love me as well as ma dog does!" and at their next meeting Jean asked: "Have ye fa'n in wi' a lass yet to like you as weel as your dog?" Wasn't there a glint in her eye, and didn't she already know the answer—that he certainly had, and the lass was Jean herself?

Early in this eventful year, when Jean was with child, he had given her a marriage document pledging them as man and wife in accordance with the civil custom of the time. But her father would not hear of the union with the young wastrel Burns. Hadn't he danced and made love to every sonsie lass in Tarbolton—ay, and written songs to them? Was any lass safe in his company? When he was a flax dresser at the seaport of Irvine, living mainly on oatmeal sent by his family, hadn't he hobnobbed with smugglers and other loose company in inns to drown and forget his poverty? The inflexible opposition of Jean's father, a respectable master-craftsman, is understandable when we recall Burns' own comment on a mechanic friend of his wild-oat days: "He was the only man I ever saw who was a greater fool than myself, where woman was the presiding star."

IN April he was shocked to learn that Jean had been induced to give up the document, which was destroyed, thereby nullifying, presumably, the marriage contract and indicating that Jean, under pressure, had abandoned him. More than that, the father threatened him with the law if he attempted to pursue his claim on her. He loved Jean deeply with a love which was to last his life, though at the time it seemed irrevocably broken. He was in despair and near to madness. A Mr. Douglas had offered him a post as bookkeeper on his Jamaica plantation. He would emigrate to the West Indies, pay his passage-money with earnings from a book of poems Gavin Hamilton and other friends would help him to publish at Kilmarnock.

"It was a delicious idea," he confessed, "that I should be called a clever fellow, even though it should never reach my ears—a poor negro-driver, or perhaps a victim to that inhospitable clime, and gone to the world of spirits."

That was the disturbed atmosphere in which his love for Highland Mary suddenly flowered. After her departure he bade his friends farewell, dispatched his chest to Greenock, composed his last song, *The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast.*

At their next meeting Jean asked Burns: "Have ye fa'n in wi' a lass yet to like you as weel as your dog?" There was a glint in her eye, and she already knew the answer—that he certainly had, and the lass was Jean herself.

Burns on the Brig O'Doon. Poems, which included the tragic "Lament" for his lost Jean, were published in July—when he was " wandering from one friend's house to another " to avoid the gaol her father threatened.

The poems, which included the tragic *Lament* for his lost Jean, appeared in July—when he was "wandering from one friend's house to another" to avoid the gaol her father threatened—and made him nearly £20, plus a reputation which altered his plans, promised a dazzling future, and put the absent Mary for the time being a little in memory's shade.

Was she conscious of this as the summer waned into autumn at Campbeltown? How could she fail to be? It is believed that she was stricken at his neglect, his forgetfulness of the vow he had so solemnly made, and in sorrow and despair obliterated their names from the Bible he had given her at their secret betrothal. When all seemed lost and she had abandoned hope, she took a post with the family of Colonel M'Ivor in Glasgow, then visited Greenock with her father to attend a party her brother Robert was giving to celebrate his apprenticeship to a ship's carpenter there. Perhaps—her heart whispered—her lover might come there on some business connected with his voyage to the West Indies, and she would see him again?

The day after the party her brother fell ill with typhus fever. In nursing him she became infected, died towards the end of the year, and was buried in the old West Kirk.

BURNS'S misery, at about this time, was expressed in a letter to his friend, Robert Aitken: "I have been for some time pining under secret wretchedness, from causes which you pretty well know—the pang of disappointment, the sting of pride, with some wandering stabs of remorse, which never fail to settle on my vitals like vultures, when attention is not called away by the calls of society or the vagaries of the Muse. Even in the hour of social mirth, my gaiety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner."

He would go abroad, he added, but for "the feelings of a father . . . a sentiment which strikes home to my very soul." In September Jean had borne him twins and there was a reconciliation. Had he not written a friend in June: "I do still love her to distraction after all, though I won't tell her so if I were to see her"? He was to go on loving her, in his way—and she him—until his death; and is there a more touching domestic picture than that of their entry into the Ellisland farm in Nithsdale, near Dumfries?

Before a house could be built they had to live in a hovel. Then, when all was ready, he made his servant, Betty Smith, take a bowl of salt, place the family Bible upon it, and with these walk first into their new home, himself following with Jean on his arm. Did he recall, in the midst of that traditional custom, another Bible clasped in a loving hand on the banks of the Ayr? He never forgot his Highland Mary or that sacred tryst which the force of circumstances and his other compelling love had made an unfulfilled dream:

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom.
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasped her to my bosom. . . .

She was with him still when he wrote *To Mary in Heaven*:

See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the pangs that rend his breast? . . .

(*Continued on page* 62)

Burns made his servant Betty Smith, take a bowl of salt, place the family Bible upon it and walk into their new home, himself following with Jean on his arm.

COME
TO
'S COURT
ULY 25'
In order to be mobile Miss Ena Duval changed the usual soap-box for a pony and trap
VOTES FOR WOMEN
VOTES FOR WOMEN
VOTES FOR WOMEN
TO WIN FREEDOM FOR WOMEN
Emmeline Pankhurst leading a procession through Hyde Park

Granny's Revolution

By Charles G. Bode

ON the fourteenth of July—the same day when in Paris people dance through the streets to celebrate the storming of the Bastille—a small group of elderly ladies gather round a statue in Victoria Tower Gardens, Westminster, listen to a short speech of one of them, and finally meet for a reunion dinner in a pleasant restaurant. They look very smart and soignée, the right type of society mothers and grandmothers. Yet, if you listened to their conversation, you might doubt your ears. They don't talk about old lace and Staffordshire china, nor do they mention their grandchildren or the good old times. After all, those good old times weren't so very good for them. Police, jail, prison guards, violence and arrests—that's the topic of their conversation.

Some of these gentle old ladies wear brooches, odd things of silver and enamel, representing a prison gate. They keep them as much coveted medals, once awarded to those in their midst who "in the good old days" have been in jail. For these quiet, soft-spoken ladies are the last of the MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES. Every year they celebrate the birthday of their great leader Emmeline Pankhurst, in front of her monument.

I have been familiar with the name of Emmeline Pankhurst and with the idea of suffrage for women since my childhood. The sensation caused by her acts of violence, demonstrations, arrests, hunger strikes, was tremendous all over the world. I didn't know what it was all about when I was a small boy, but I felt that it must be something very extraordinary, if women—and well-dressed women at that, to judge from their pictures—went demonstrating through the streets of England's big cities, started riots, and threw stones through the windows of official buildings. Women like those pictured in the newspapers I grasped from my father's desk had so far been tender human beings who belonged to a velvet-lined coach, an opera box, to the drawing- (*Continued on page* 58)

Little Lady In Grey

By Mary Just

"WHAT was she like?"

"Well," said Miss Taylor, after a moment's thought, "she was a little lady in a grey silk gown."

"The first time you saw her, you mean?"

"Yes. That was in Brussels, when I was a schoolgirl. She came with her sister Emily, to teach English and to learn French. She was very small and thin, with extraordinary eyes, bright, and narrow, and turning up at the corners. She had the sweetest mouth, and smile. And she was very, very quiet, the quietest person I ever knew. I think she was dreadfully shy, and she always had an idea that she wasn't interesting to anybody. That, you know," said Miss Taylor, sipping her tea from the delicate old china cup she held, "was quite a mistake. The second sister, Emily, was much better-looking—a curious creature, my dear—dark and vigorous and tall, but also completely silent . . . never spoke unless you spoke to her, and then generally answered you rudely. I didn't like her. None of us did. But *my* little dear stayed it out bravely (the other didn't, she said she couldn't bear being away from Yorkshire, or some such rubbish), and by degrees we all came to love her. Even. . . ."

She stopped short. Then she cleared her throat. Or, as they used to say in the 1880's, she "hemmed a little." "Perhaps I shouldn't mention this at all, Alice my dear," she said finally. "But if I do, it is because I want very much to save you from making a very silly mistake."

Alice Mackenzie looked up at her, from the low stool by the fireside where she was sitting, her hands round her knees, her long slim waist tightly clasped by a "tennis belt and apron," which hung over her full blue skirts, blue which just matched her beautiful eyes. Her hair, dressed in the height of the fashion of 1887, was golden, and her little pale face was very lovely.

"Oh . . . Miss Taylor!"

Mary Taylor put down her cup, and spoke more decidedly.

"Now, my dear, I'm going to put aside all hesitation, and tell you what I think. I'm seventy years old, so you must forgive me if I seem impertinent, but at seventy, one has adjusted one's views of life, you know, especially if one has been fortunate enough to have known, and enjoyed the friendship, of a woman like . . . *her*."

Alice edged nearer, and put a hand on the arm of Miss Taylor's high-backed

Illustrations by J. S. Goodall

"Now, my child," said Miss Taylor, "I'm going to tell you about something I've never discussed with any living soul before"

armchair, which was embroidered all over in a pattern of enormous moon-daisies.

"Dear Miss Mary! As if I should mind anything you said to me. You're Granny's friend, and Mamma is so fond of you, too, and I know you want to help me."

"Yes my dear, I do. Now, how old are you? Just nineteen, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"And you came out just a year ago, and we all hoped you would make a really brilliant marriage. At least some of us did. I . . ." said Miss Mary Taylor softly, "perhaps hoped more, that you would make a happy one."

Alice's reaction to this speech was rather unexpected. She turned away her head, then suddenly burst into floods of tears.

"Now, now, now," said Miss Taylor, patting the golden head. "I know just what it feels like. But you know, my dear, hearts *don't* really break."

"They do. They do," sobbed Alice.

"No dear. They get badly bruised, and they hurt a great deal, but they don't break. If you're brave enough . . . as brave (*Continued on page* 65)

"That was the first time I ever saw Monsieur Heger look at her, really look at her, I mean"

One method of moving the Giant Panda!

Moving Day At The Zoo

By Craven Hill

A ZOO animal enjoys many advantages over his kindred in the wild, but "security of tenure" is unfortunately not one of them. I don't mean to infer of course, that a "general post" is always in progress in the Gardens. Far from it, indeed. Many well-known inmates have occupied the same quarters for years on end, and are unlikely ever to be shifted, because a change, after so long a time, might well be injurious to them. Experience shows that this is a very real danger. The Zoo authorities have often proved to their cost that established animals removed to another cage identical in every way frequently die through causes unknown.

There are, however, others, not yet "institutions," who, from time to time—perhaps because their quarters are due for spring-cleaning, or are wanted for incoming stock—have to "move house," if only temporarily. How are such transfers effected?

One thing is certain: there is no "ideal way" of moving a Zoo inmate. Different species and temperaments require different methods of handling. In a general way, if the "outgoing tenant" is a quiet and placid type, he can usually be persuaded to follow his keeper on foot. For others, the larger carnivores—the big jungle-cats, wolves, bears and the like—there always stands ready the conventional travelling-crate, in which even the most dangerous creatures can be moved in safety.

Oddly enough, it is by no means the larger mammals that are always the most difficult to transfer. Some of the smaller inmates, especially if of nervous temperament or physical agility, may give twice as much trouble. But, as is usually the case, there are "tricks in every trade," and the Zoo is no exception. For "outgoing tenants" likely to (*Continued on page 56*)

How to carry a vulture. The head keeper of the birds-of-prey aviaries, moving one of his charges

Miss Perring and Lady Milmain

Memories Of The Days Of Her Youth Were The Only Solace Of An Aged Spinster

By Eve Orme

THE waitress came to the table where the two old ladies sat. She looked questioningly at Lady Milmain, it being obvious that she in her expensive fur coat was taker-out, and Miss Perring, derelict and wispy in shabby grey, the taken.

"Buttered toast—although I suppose it is margarined—and cakes," said Lady Milmain, "or would you rather have hot tea-cake, Madeleine?"

Miss Perring said hot buttered toast would be delicious.

"And now you must tell me all about yourself," said Lady Milmain, after the waitress had gone away. "How odd that we should have run into each other in the street! I am only here for a change of air, and I said to myself, 'I wonder if I shall meet Madeleine,' for I had an idea you lived somewhere in the neighbourhood."

Lady Milmain was in the habit of telling the few friends left to her, "I am a creature of impulse." It was impulse that had made her, instead of quickly moving from Miss Perring's vicinity, say, "Let's go into that café and have tea." A kindly impulse, of course, for the appearance of her childhood's friend, seen so seldom these days, had given Lady Milmain an unpleasant shock; the shock that such a person as herself feels when inadvertently confronted by squalor; a feeling that such things should not be, always followed by the realization that in certain cases they are.

"Yes, I sent you a card last Christmas," said Miss Perring.

Lady Milmain remembered that she had thrown it in the wastepaper basket, thinking, poor old Madeleine.

"I hope the Durrant woman left you properly provided for," she said, although it was quite evident that no one who was properly provided for would be wearing shoes that should long ago have been given to the dustman, wrinkled ankle socks over equally wrinkled woollen stockings, and a black pudding basin of a hat. To say nothing of Madeleine's coat. Her rather beaky nose still had its red tip, but then it had always had it, ever since Miss Perring had been a schoolgirl of fourteen and had by the kindness of Lady Milmain's mother, been allowed to come and do lessons with the governess who presided over the schoolroom in her house.

"I am afraid she left me nothing, Lydia," said Miss Perring.

"Nothing! Lady Milmain's light blue eyes stared in horror at the lack of charity in people. "After twenty-five years of slavery!"

"It wasn't exactly slavery," said Miss Perring, who always tried to be truthful, "though, of course, she was a little difficult in her declining years. And then, you see, after war broke out, she couldn't get any servants."

The waitress came with the tea and buttered toast, and afterwards with a plate of cakes among which there was a meringue.

"A meringue!" exclaimed Miss Perring with delight. "It is a long time since I have eaten a meringue! Do you remember them, Lydia, at the children's parties we used to go to in the old days? I can remember your reciting at one of them—for the grown-ups, of course—with actions."

"With *actions*, Madeleine?" Lady Milmain slipped her fur coat off her shoulders and displayed the contours of a large bosom presided over by a diamond plaque.

"Yes, it was at Christmas, and you recited 'Good King Wenceslas.' You *could* sing it, but that day you had a cold so you recited it instead, and when you said he looked out, you put your hand up to your forehead as though looking, and when the snow was crisp and even, you made a spreading motion, and you wore a pale blue dress tied with a pink sash. I remember it all perfectly."

"I AM afraid she left me nothing, Lydia," said Miss Perring

Miss Perring was becoming quite excited, for this little outing, as she

would call it afterwards, was an unusual treat for her, and the pitch on her rather thin and reedy voice had risen. Lady Milmain was aware that in the small café where the tables were very close together, people were listening and being amused. There was a time and place for such recollections to be discussed, but poor Madeleine had always been deficient of any social sense. Her nose had become redder than ever, and some wisps had escaped from her grey bun so that she looked almost rakish, which was, of course, quite at variance with her character.

"Well, what about the dream cottage you were to retire to?" asked Lady Milmain, to subdue the flow of reminiscence.

"My dream cottage—well, dear, I'm afraid it never came my way." Miss Perring made her dream cottage sound as though it floated high in the heavens, and had never seen fit to land near her.

"I can't get over that dreadful woman not leaving you anything in her will," said Lady Milmain. "You have the meringue, Madeleine, I don't care about them. But I should have thought you might have saved something."

"She only paid me fifty pounds a year, you know," said Miss Perring in self-defence. She took the meringue, and bit into it. "This is delicious."

"What happened to all her money?" asked Lady Milmain.

"I think she left it to a nephew, and then, of course, she had various nieces who used to come to the house sometimes."

"I suppose they took care to when they knew she was dying. You should have fought the will, of course," said Lady Milmain, thinking that such weakness as Madeleine's deserved what it had got.

"But Lydia, how could I? Fighting anything costs so much."

"If I had been anywhere about, I should have seen to it that you did."

"Yes, Lydia, but you weren't. And as things have turned out, I am really very well placed. I have a very nice bed-sitting-room that I call my eyrie——"

"Your what, Madeleine?"

"Well, I call it that because it is right at the top of a very tall house."

"I should have thought the stairs must have been a trial to you when your rheumatism is bad," said Lady Milmain. "You always used to tell me you had rheumatism." She was becoming bored. It was always fatal to give way to impulse. Madeleine was quite beyond words.

"Well, they are a little tiresome, but on my bad days I can't get down them, so at any rate when my rheumatism is hurting I don't have to go up."

Lady Milmain found this reasoning inadequate.

Miss Perring was thinking, Lydia used to be so pretty. What a pity that she isn't now, without considering that no one is exactly pretty at seventy. "In my room there is a window from which I can get a peep of the sea," she went on, "and sometimes on a clear day I can see a ship pass. And then, the bed goes up in the daytime."

"Does what?"

"It goes up into a recess in the wall, dear," said Miss Perring as though explaining to a child, "when I don't want to be in it, I mean, and the washstand turns into quite a nice little table."

"And then, I suppose you have your wireless?" said Lady Milmain. "By the way, don't you have to catch a bus? I mustn't let you miss it."

"It doesn't go until a quarter past five, dear, so we have lots of time."

"I suppose you listen a great deal?"

"Not so much now, dear, as I used to. The programmes have become so poor." Not for anything would Miss Perring admit that her wireless was one of her belongings that she had "popped."

Besides acting upon impulse, Lady Milmain liked to feel she acted upon the edicts of her conscience, and her conscience was now telling her, You might give the poor thing five pounds. A "fiver," she would call it. But how far would a fiver go? Miss Perring, in Lady Milmain's opinion, had always been hopelessly improvident. It was improvident of her not to have married her father's curate long ago when he had proposed to her, which Lady Milmain knew for a fact he did. He had been a singularly dull young man, but Madeleine should have thought of her future. Not to have taken such a "chance" now made her, in Lady Milmain's view, almost undeserving. An income of two thousand pounds a year, with income tax to be deducted left one these days with little enough, but she could just manage a fiver, and it would be nice to feel after-

AS she laid on her bed, the past invested with new colour began to live again in her mind

wards that she had done something for Madeleine. So she said, "I'm going to give you a fiver, Madeleine," and waited for Madeleine's gasp of gratitude.

The café had emptied sufficiently for Lady Milmain to feel that she could with decency bring out her cheque-book and her fountain pen. The gasp of gratitude did not come, and she was so occupied in writing the cheque, that she did not see Miss Perring's look of horror. Neither did she notice her desperate confusion.

"Lydia, it's very good of you—I mean, it's most kind, but please, Lydia—don't —because I couldn't possibly accept it."

Lady Milmain looked up, astonished. She just forebore to remind Miss Perring that she could not afford to be proud, and instead said, "Why not?"

"I don't mean to be ungracious or anything, and of course it is very good of you, but tea is one thing and money another!" Miss Perring hoped and prayed that Lady Milmain would not insist further. How could she take money from her when in the old days she had grossly betrayed her? How tell her the true facts? How say, "That time I stayed with you at Clovely Park—years and years ago—you had gone to bed and I went down to the library to look for a book because I couldn't sleep, and your husband James came in, and . . ." How tell Lydia that her husband, James, that great business magnate, had appeared quite different at one o'clock in the morning when he had returned after a city dinner, from the bluff, kindly man he seemed by day? Or tell her that, seeing Madeleine, scared and pig-tailed in her dressing-gown, he had—his breath smelling of whisky which in some way accentuated a sudden new and disturbing maleness in him, caught hold of her and kissed her? That alone was bad enough, but how tell Lydia the real truth which was that after a moment of panic, Madeleine had enjoyed his kisses, until her upbringing, combined with some fearful, hardly to be mentioned terror of "having a baby" had sent her fleeing to her room? The magnate had not followed her thither, but still. . . .

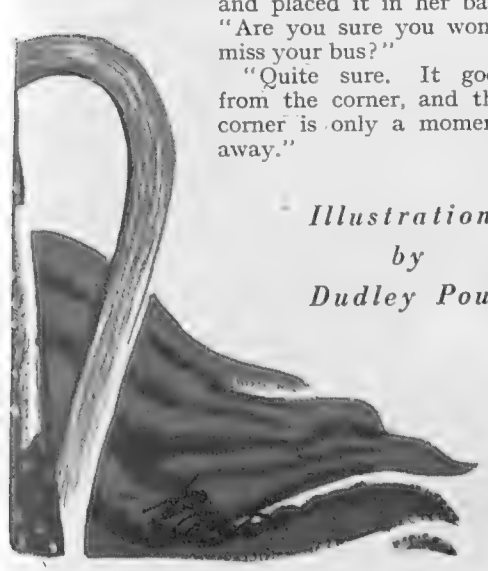
It had all been a memory she had kept buried deeply within her.

"Well, if you really mean it," said Lady Milmain, her pen still poised, and not averse to saving the fiver.

"I do, *really*, Lydia. And now—tell me about yourself. We've done nothing but talk of me." Free of her embarrassment, Miss Perring had the unusual feeling of being mistress of a situation.

Lady Milmain closed her cheque book and placed it in her bag. "Are you sure you won't miss your bus?"

"Quite sure. It goes from the corner, and the corner is only a moment away."



Illustrations by Dudley Pout

HE had caught hold of Madeleine, scared and pigtailed in her dressing-gown, and kissed her

"Well, possibly you don't know that James and I parted."

Miss Perring was staggered. "Lydia—how dreadful! You don't mean to tell me you divorced him?"

An unaccountable pang of jealousy assailed her as she thought of Sir James, and possibly his typist. For a moment she could visualize the typist.

"No, he didn't go away with anyone—it was not as bad as that —but first he became very difficult and then he took to drink, and when I said I wouldn't stand any more of it, he left."

"But where is he now?"

"He died about a year ago. Of course he brought his death upon himself," said Lady Milmain in tones of self-exoneration. "I suppose you had no idea that he drank, had you?"

"Of course not, Lydia!"

"Well, it got so bad that I don't mind admitting that I was glad to be rid of him."

"You can't mean that you were glad he *died*, Lydia?"

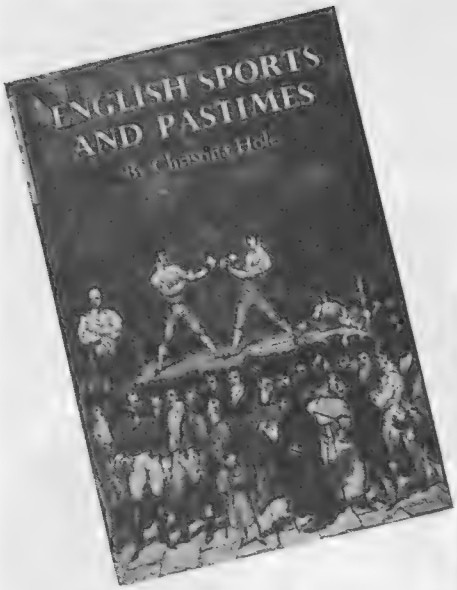
"No, of course not. I was exceedingly sorry. I meant that I wasn't at all sorry when we parted, which is a quite a different thing."

"Oh, of course it is," agreed Miss Perring, whose mind was working hard. "Was there, do you think, a *woman*—other than you, I mean—in his life, do you think?" There was a glint of excitement in her eye.

"I'm quite sure there wasn't. I should have known if there had been. He was not a man who cared for women."

"Oh," said Miss Perring.

"No," said Lady Milmain, as though in answer to a further question, "I am quite alone now. Of course I gave up Clovely. Servants became impossible, and now I live in hotels. Daphne married very well, but I see little of her. So many mothers and daughters don't hit it off these days." Lady Milmain produced her powder puff (*Continued on page* 68)



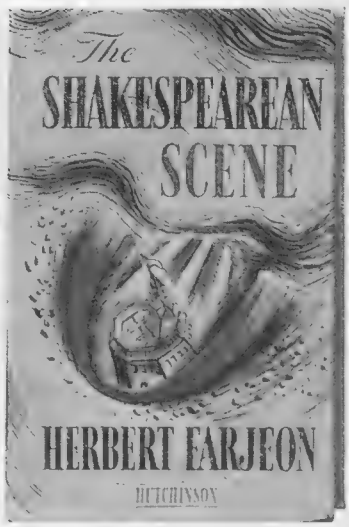
Books:

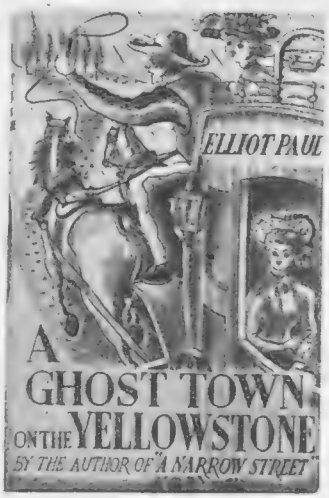
Reviewed by Trevor Allen

IF ordinary fashions of bygone days seem to us grotesque, what of sports? A *Punch* drawing of a game of lawn tennis, 1883, shows the man in knickerbockers and stockings, the girl in hat, tight bodice, and long, thick, flounced skirt. How, we wonder, did she volley without splitting all her seams and tripping over herself? Golf for ladies, 1873, and a ladies' cricket match, 1779, show them dressed in the height of fashion as for a tea party. Then there were the early Rugger players in trousers, the cricketers in toppers. All that seems lacking in the quaint contemporary illustrations to Christina Hole's "English Sports and Pastimes" (Batsford, 15s.) is someone playing, say, croquet in chain armour. . . . It is a thorough, entertaining survey from medieval to modern.

FASHION changes in criticism, too, but Herbert Farjeon on thirty years' Shakespeare productions wears well. In "The Shakespearean Scene" (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) he is wise and knowledgeable on plays and players. We agree with Foreworder Philip Hope-Wallace that he knew his subject both as scholar's problem and that of a practical man of the theatre, but not necessarily that today "the publicity man and the public relations officer are to the disinterested critic as kings and prelates to some half-lunatic soothsayer!" nor that Shaw's Shakespearean criticism is "fantastically wrong-headed" and most of the rest of "very little historical interest." H.-W. in this mood really belongs to *Sports and Pastimes*.

HOW remote from us now seem the social fashions of Montana early this century, which provided the raw background of the cowboy Westerns! Elliot Paul went to the prairies under the Rockies as a young engineer in the Reclamation Service—land, not fallen frails, though there were plenty of them, too, especially around the saloons. "A Ghost Town on the Yellowstone" (Cresset, 12s. 6d.) is a gracefully written chronicle of place and people including actor-idler La Rue, Mennonite farmer girl Cora whose life ceased to be simple when she found six sapphires in a turkey's crop, the singer Lulu, and Mexican Joe who "invariably left the hall when she was about to perform, and stood outside, at a safe distance, talking softly to God and the saints, in the presence of horses."

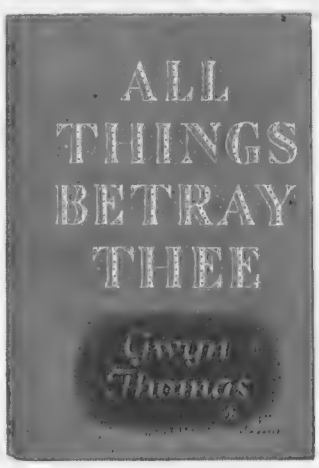




INCREASINGLY the war is backwashing into fiction. John P. Marquand tells a poignant little U.S. story of a young war marriage in "Repent in Haste" (Hale, 6s.). Navy flier "Boysie" in the Pacific asks his war reporter friend, who is returning home, to look up his "cute little trick" and the baby. He finds her tied up with another man and likely to have a baby by him. "When Boysie left me here, oh God—it was awful," she says—"I guess I've got to have someone around loving me the way he did. Some girls are made that way. . . . You can't tell what's going to happen when you get married in a war." You can't; and Mr. Marquand shows us why.

IN Eric Burgess's "A Knife for Celeste" (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.) a man serving in India, four years married, gets a letter from his wife saying she is walking out on him and when he returns to London he won't find her. He buys a native dagger, wraps it in the letter, and when he does return, resolves to find and kill her. The story is the long, intense quest, its disillusioning climax, and a compensating new love which makes the old no longer matter. For a new writer Mr. Burgess has a driving narrative power and grasp of character.

NORMAN MAILER'S "The Naked and the Dead" (Wingate, 15s.) is a stark story of a group of G.I.s fighting in the Pacific, the nearest in spirit to Remarque's *All Quiet* that the last war has so far (*Continued on page* 70)



A WELSH "SHIRLEY"

GWYN THOMAS is a novelist who writes with the poetic lilt of the Welsh voice in his style. Alan Leigh, the vagrant harpist, played to "drag the hearts of those who heard me out into the shadowed orbit of my own thoughtfulness, to tempt their voices into a dusk-softness of melancholy sound." A grandfather clock "kept dusting the silence." Alan "leaned against the bark of a larch and wept with a soft obscene abandon into its wise grey roughness."

Like Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*, **"All Things Betray Thee"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is a story of the industrial revolution, with strife between ironmaster and foundry hands, riots, burnings, charges by the military, in a hungry South Wales town early in the past century. At the core of it all is the harpist, mirroring the drama in his bardic eyes, an exile from the open roads. The dialogue at times may be over-ornate but the people live, the scene burns into the mind, the Celtic prose makes it a novel in a thousand with a spiritual atmosphere that lingers long after the book has been closed.

What If It Rains?

WHAT if it does? July, according to statistics, which are seldom encouraging, is a wet month, but even summer rain has its lighter side if one meets it in the right clothes.

One of the incomprehensible things about a nation inured to rain is that we have been so long content with dreary wet weather clothes. When Nature turns off the light and shrouds us in misty grey we reach for garments as drab as the weeping skies. Once there was an excuse, but not now.

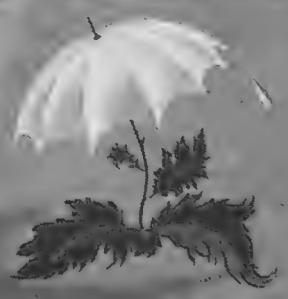
The more adventurous spirit about colour which has invaded our wardrobes of late has mercifully spread to rainwear. It all began with the realization that a garment to keep out the wet need not necessarily resemble a shroud. First a few tentative colours made their bow and, as the idea caught on, the notion dawned that a practical garment might equally well be a becoming one.

Shortages and manufacturing problems are keeping the best of rain clothes in rather short supply. Even so, there is no longer any good excuse for looking and feeling like a grey cloud when it rains.

Proofed silks in charming colours: a conglomeration of tartans adds to the growing variety of gay wet weather coats. Better still are the elegant coloured and proofed gaberdines which American women have worn for so long and which are becoming more plentiful here. These coats, when you can get them, are not inexpensive, but they have a dual purpose, being smart enough for general wear whether it rains or shines.

A well-tailored raincoat, a smart umbrella; well-shod feet (even serviceable shoes have learned to be elegant) can make you well turned out even if it pours.

In a climate which brings more rainy days than fine ones, can it be called extravagant to devote an equitable proportion of clothes budgets to clothes for the weather in which we specialize.



Transforma

THESE examples of the art of furnishing from scratch in a practical yet original way are instructive to all home makers in search of ideas. The two young decorators, Elsa and Godfrey Bonsack who are responsible for both these conversion schemes have

Attic Suite Into Nursery

IN the series of pictures above is a top floor attic suite. which has been converted into a nursery for three children. With obvious adjustments this conversion might well be adapted as a comfortable flat for two. Essentially simple in conception and with a minimum of furniture, an effect of luxury is achieved by stimulating colours and minute attention to detail. (1) The youngest occupant of the nursery suite has a small bedroom. Furnishing is limited to two fitted wall cupboards, a painted chest of drawers and the bed. A nursery chintz covers the bedhead and makes an original window treatment. (2) Two older children occupy the larger bedroom. Built-in cupboards and a corner dressing-table by-pass the problem of the sloping wall. Flowery chintz combines with a toning fabric on the beds in a colour scheme of mushroom pink and blue accented with white. (3) The main room has a mushroom pink carpet and "reclaimed" painted furniture. A washable chintz fitted table cover and matching chair seats are in mushroom pink and blue. (4) A view of the two main rooms which are linked by sliding doors.

tion Scenes

themselves specialized in all the practical aspects of carpentry, upholstery and painting and by reconditioning outdated pieces of furniture and incorporating them in colourful settings they achieve distinguished results at reasonable cost.

Studio Maisonette

A SMALL studio club in Chelsea made derelict by the war has been reclaimed and furnished by the Bonsacks as a cottage home (pictures below). Most of the furniture for this scheme was acquired by patient searching at sales and auction rooms. Few pieces are matched but the overall effect is one of harmony and practical comfort. Each piece of furniture has its intrinsic purpose in the scheme, and practical planning has allied convenience and comfort with the original colouring which imparts vitality to essentially simple things.

The main living-room (5) which was originally the studio, has an arched ceiling painted, like the walls, to resemble pine panelling. The curtains of flame linen patterned in brown and white relate themselves to the colouring of the persian rugs. In the one small bedroom (6) the walls are distempered pale grey : the carpet is primrose yellow and the tailored and buttoned bedhead and covers are in deep lilac. Two ornamental wall brackets make effective bedside tables and, to economize space, a dressing-table has been constructed by adapting the top of a narrow console table to a wall bracket support. The lounge hall on the ground floor leading up to the main room (7) has a colour scheme of primrose and graduated shades of plum.

Knitted For Sport

The Waistcoat

MATERIALS: 6 oz. of "La Laine" Lavender, 3-ply; 1 pair of No. 12 knitting needles; 1 pair of No. 11 knitting needles; 4 yd. Art Silk Crossway binding; 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS: From top of shoulder to lower edge: 17 ins. (at the sides). To fit a 34-in. bust measurement. TENSION: 10 sts. to 1 in.

BACK

With No. 12 needles cast on 110 sts. and work in the following patt. for 2 ins.

1st row.—* K. 2, p. 2; rep. from * to end.

2nd row.—* P. 2, k. 2; rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—As 1st.

4th row.—As 2nd.

These 4 rows form patt.

Change to No. 11 needles and continue in patt. for 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 122 sts., when work measures 9 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Then k. 2 tog. each end of every row until 108 sts. Continue until armhole measures 7½ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 armhole end rows. Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows. Cast off remaining sts. for back of neck.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 12 needles cast on 2 sts. Work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of every row (*Continued on page* 62)

ABBREVIATIONS: *K. = knit; p. = purl; st. = stitch; inc. = increase; rep. = repeat; patt. = pattern; ins. = inches.*

The Cardigan

MATERIALS: 10 oz. Copleys' "Clarion," 4-ply; 5 buttons; 1 pair of No. 11 knitting needles; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles;

MEASUREMENTS: From top of shoulder to lower edge, 22 ins; sleeve underarm, 18 ins.; to fit a 34-in. bust. TENSION: 8 sts. to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles, cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 4 ins. Change to No. 8 needles and the following patt. Cast on 1 st. (101 sts.).

1st row.—* K. 1, p. 2, k. 4, p. 2; rep. from * to the last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—P. 1, * k. 2, p. 4, k. 2, p. 1; rep. from * to end.

3rd and 4th rows.—Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th row.—* K. 1, p. 2, slip next 2 sts. on to spare needle and leave in front of work. K. next 2 sts., then k. 2 sts. from spare needle. P. 2; rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

6th row.—As 2nd row. These 6 rows form patt. Work 6 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following until 109 sts. Continue until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 82 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7½ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts. (*continued on page* 62)

The Slack Season

For slacking at the beach, pottering in the garden, for covering the hours of freedom from formal clothes, you will be getting into pants. Here is a reliable selection from leading London stores. Left to right: Cotton print "sloucher," £5 15s.; with coloured jeans, £3 os. 8d. Jaeger's check dungarees, £6 12s., worn with a white blouse. Phillips' black linen slacks 33s. 7d., with Jaeger's off-shoulder sweater, £2 19s. 4d. White towelling beach coat and hood, £5 4s. 5d., over cuffed natural linen shorts, £3. For further details, send a stamped addressed envelope to the Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

Partnership with the Sun

AMONG the better offerings of summer to which we can now look forward, the most precious, by far, is sunshine. We hope there will be enough to go round.

It is not for us to tell you what sunshine can do in the way of promoting health and beauty or that feeling of well-being which comes from stored vitality. We can, and do, urge you to exploit the coming months of sunshine with every artifice available; to plan your use of it rather than to snatch at its benefits in a haphazard fashion.

A planned partnership with the sun calls for organisation and a certain outlay of money. Collect a wardrobe which will put you on good terms with the sunshine. Attend to the comfort side of it, so that on holiday, when you are snatching an hour or two of leisure from work, or using the precious week-end hours, you can enjoy the fullest benefit. To aid your plan we have collected here some news and views about accessories.

(Left.) "Toast to a turn," whether your skin is of the sensitive or tough variety. For the former there is Dorothy Gray's Sunburn Cream, for the latter, her Beach Oil. If you prefer to sunbathe without tanning, there is Elizabeth Arden's Sunpruf Cream. For sheer decoration when you dress for sunshine there are gay ceramic fish earrings and a fish-motif cotton printed scarf in black and red on a white ground for 35s. 9d. at Elizabeth Arden. At the same address you can buy the more becoming sunglasses with tilted lenses and coloured frames, 31s. 9d., and an exotic beach necklace of fruit and flowers for 3 guineas.

Stretched out in the sun in a neatly-tailored two-piece Spectator sun-suit, the lady above has all the accessories for comfort in the picture on the left of her. The parasol, which can be made up in your own material to match your cotton dresses, costs 33s. to order from Simpsons. Material required is 1¼ yards of 36-in. cotton. The fisherman's creel handbag costs £1 19s. 2d. An ingenious and very comfortable wickerwork chair folds up like a suitcase and is very light for carrying, £7 3s. 4d. at Harrods. From the same store comes an electric picnic kettle which plugs into a car battery, 37s. 6d., and a picnic set, £6 14s.

Off the Apron Strings

THERE is something to be said for letting children off the apron-strings during school holidays. For parents it means a well-earned rest with, perhaps, a holiday free from family responsibilities; while to the youngsters it is an enterprise representing adventure in a big way.

The increasing popularity here of the camp holiday which has so long flourished in the United States speaks volumes for the plan.

There are already numerous organisations here, including Girl Guides, Scouts, Mixed Clubs and Boys' Clubs, offering a variety of holiday facilities. Alternatively, some schools sponsor exchange schemes with pupils from similar classes of schools on the Continent. This, from the child's point of view, is probably the most exhilarating and educative experience of all. Where no such scheme exists at any given school, parents interested in arranging this type of holiday have the advantage of an excellent organisation which is prepared to facilitate Continental visits for groups of school-children or young people. It must be approached, however, through the medium of school authorities.

IT is perhaps a debatable question whether very young children should spend their holidays away from their parents. But when circumstances arise to make a family holiday impossible, it is good to know of a summer school willing to take children of any age and guarantee them a happy three weeks under the watchful eye of a trained staff which includes a Matron and a Medical Officer.

The over-fourteens, however, with clearly-defined interests and hobbies, will welcome a holiday that allows them to indulge them. Two or three cycling enthusiasts or hikers can have a pleasant holiday together, and by putting up at Youth Hostels each night will relieve parental anxiety for their welfare without taxing the parental purse too heavily.

The Varsity and Public Schools Camps are open to boys and girls of day schools as well as public schools. There are house parties, "camps," cruises on the Broads—in fact, something to appeal to every taste. For the parent there is the assurance that food will be good and supervision sympathetic. For the youngster there will be the friendship of other youngsters to make the holiday memorable.

For the lad with a love of the sea in his veins, the Outward Bound Sea School at Aberdovey offers a unique experience. Four weeks at the Sea School is rather more in the nature of a character-training course than a holiday in the strict sense of the word, although the boys are out in the open air all the time. The course is open to all boys between the ages of 15½ and 19, and costs £15 for a four-weeks course.

The even more adventurous youngster may be lucky enough to join one of the expeditions of the British Schools Exploring Society. These expeditions do man-size investigations in unmapped territories of the world. Fees are rather high, about £130, but sometimes financial help is forthcoming for the particularly brilliant boy.

Problem Kitchen

WHILE any other room in the house can be brought up to date with a lick of paint and a redistribution of the furniture, modernisation of the kitchen must inevitably be a more costly undertaking. The only way of tackling the basic wastage of time and energy in an old-fashioned kitchen is boldly to scrap out-of-date equipment and substitute new.

This need be less costly than it sounds. New and far-from-expensive kitchen furniture is once again coming on to the market, and a step-by-step plan, with each item added stage by stage, will spread the whole cost over a period.

The step-by-step plan is made possible by modern standardised unit equipment. Sinks, refrigerators, washing machines and cookers of well-known makes can be built into table-top fitments to match cupboards and storage units. Wall cupboards to match increase the storage without sacrifice to valuable floor-space.

THE photographs on this page show how unit equipment can transform any kitchen into a scene of streamlined efficiency. In each case, units can be bought separately and assembled in different ways and at different times to suit individual needs.

The two photographs right show Jayanbee equipment in wood and hard enamel finish for the less costly conversion scheme. In the further interests of economy the front and one side only of certain units will be supplied on request so that a cupboard can be constructed in a corner or alcove at half the cost of the complete fitment.

The English Rose Kitchen below has luxury details which naturally put it into a higher price range. Calculations can be based on a figure of £15 3s. for each 21-in. unit containing one cupboard and one drawer and fitted with stainless-steel working top. This equipment is made in aluminium and has been designed on a 3-ft.-high " swept-in " counter-top principle to eliminate fatigue of working. Corners have been hygienically rounded and steel jointings give a continuity of line and a continuous unbroken working top all round the kitchen.

In Search of Glamour

IF our trip abroad turns out to be only half as good as planned, we are going to have a really wonderful time. The "object of the exercise" is a motor tour through Italy which will provide the material for a travel book, and my only contribution to the effort will consist of working a small foolproof camera and enjoying myself. The car is a brand-new French Citroen and the owner has had what he calls a gallery built on top for the luggage, so it behoves me to take the kind of suitcases which will nestle on the roof of the car.

JANE GORDON

IT seems to me that shopping for the summer holiday is more fun this year than it has ever been before. For a very moderate sum of money I have been able to fit myself out with a small but complete holiday "trousseau."

In the first place, I gave myself two new swim suits. One is a two-piece in royal blue and white wavy striped satin Lastex, with a halter-strap brassière top and a tiny skirted pantee. This cost me £2 3s. 6d. The other is an all-in-one Lapis blue linen Lastex that fits like a second skin and was priced at £3 6s. 9d. This one is also made with the skirt front panel. In Oxford Street I found my favourite kind of bathing-cap, which is a white "Submarine" with the ear-pieces, and I also bought a white plastic beach bag with a red strap running all the way round fastened with a buckle.

ONE of the most entrancing sun-bathing suits is a three-piece made by Horrockses in China blue and white spot, saffron and white, or elephant grey and white. The set consists of the briefest trunks worn under a pair of flared shorts, with two wide pockets which have a turn-over flap. The brassière, which ties in a bow at the back and buttons in front, also has little shaped turnover flaps in front. The three-piece suit cost £2 14s. 9d.

For 12s. odd I secured a most comfortable pair of red and white beach sandals with rubber soles and a good cushion heel.

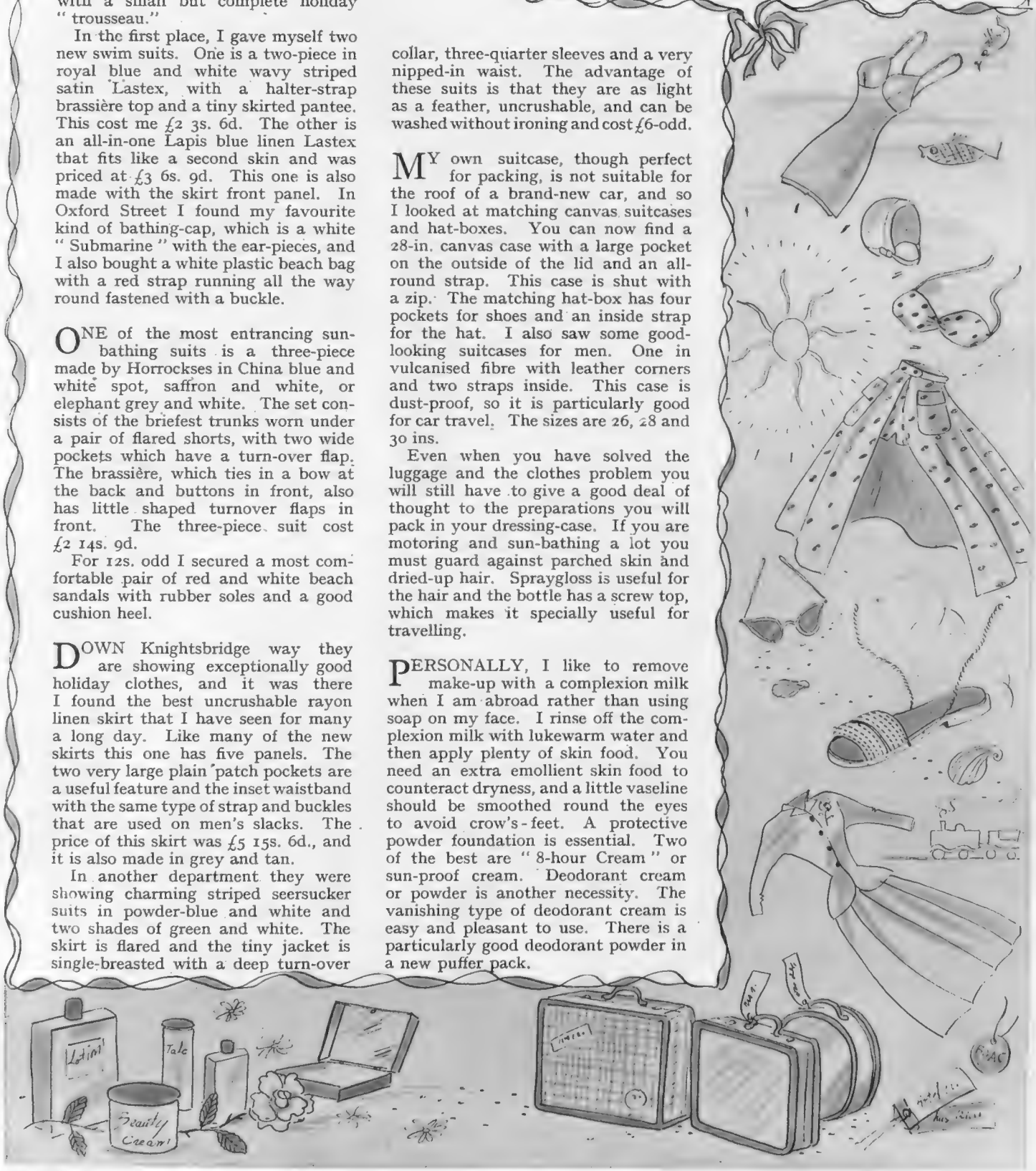
DOWN Knightsbridge way they are showing exceptionally good holiday clothes, and it was there I found the best uncrushable rayon linen skirt that I have seen for many a long day. Like many of the new skirts this one has five panels. The two very large plain patch pockets are a useful feature and the inset waistband with the same type of strap and buckles that are used on men's slacks. The price of this skirt was £5 15s. 6d., and it is also made in grey and tan.

In another department they were showing charming striped seersucker suits in powder-blue and white and two shades of green and white. The skirt is flared and the tiny jacket is single-breasted with a deep turn-over collar, three-quarter sleeves and a very nipped-in waist. The advantage of these suits is that they are as light as a feather, uncrushable, and can be washed without ironing and cost £6-odd.

MY own suitcase, though perfect for packing, is not suitable for the roof of a brand-new car, and so I looked at matching canvas suitcases and hat-boxes. You can now find a 28-in. canvas case with a large pocket on the outside of the lid and an all-round strap. This case is shut with a zip. The matching hat-box has four pockets for shoes and an inside strap for the hat. I also saw some good-looking suitcases for men. One in vulcanised fibre with leather corners and two straps inside. This case is dust-proof, so it is particularly good for car travel. The sizes are 26, 28 and 30 ins.

Even when you have solved the luggage and the clothes problem you will still have to give a good deal of thought to the preparations you will pack in your dressing-case. If you are motoring and sun-bathing a lot you must guard against parched skin and dried-up hair. Spraygloss is useful for the hair and the bottle has a screw top, which makes it specially useful for travelling.

PERSONALLY, I like to remove make-up with a complexion milk when I am abroad rather than using soap on my face. I rinse off the complexion milk with lukewarm water and then apply plenty of skin food. You need an extra emollient skin food to counteract dryness, and a little vaseline should be smoothed round the eyes to avoid crow's-feet. A protective powder foundation is essential. Two of the best are "8-hour Cream" or sun-proof cream. Deodorant cream or powder is another necessity. The vanishing type of deodorant cream is easy and pleasant to use. There is a particularly good deodorant powder in a new puffer pack.



As Good As New

Particularly suitable for summer refurnishing schemes are chintzes treated with a new permanent glaze process. These fabrics can be laundered easily in the usual way, the colours being more than usually fast, and will iron up looking as good as new. The action of the warm iron on the damp fabric alone is enough to restore its lustrous surface.

Chintzes in the Everglaze range already available include several charming designs on a variety of toned backgrounds, and others are being added continually. There are two bouquet patterns on grounds of green, natural and gold, one reminiscent of country cottage gardens and the other based on an old English needlework design. A lily of the valley spray motif makes a particularly lovely bedroom furnishing, and another, a bold silhouette of yachts against a Royal blue or red background, would be amusing in a youngster's room.

The fabrics are made in two widths, 30 ins. at 19s. 6d. a yard, and 50 ins. at 27s. a yard.

Seen In Passing

Household equipment, both attractive to look at and labour-saving in use, is to be seen in the stores this month. If you would like to know where any item illustrated on this page can be bought, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope, to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

1. The Puffin Cool-Safe, a water-cooled food-safe, compact enough to fit into even the smallest kitchen but large enough to take a quart of milk and the week's rations. Chilling is by the evaporation of water from a special fabric lining, so upkeep costs nothing more than the occasional replenishment of the water tray. The price, 57s. 9d.

2. A combined cup, saucer and plate in tinted Perspex which will not stain or lose its attractive translucency with wear. The self-service tray is equally useful for picnics as for snack meals at home. Price 18s. complete.

3. More Perspex, indistinguishable from glass and much less liable to casual breakages. The cocktail shaker is obtainable in three tints, clear, lime or amethyst, price 16s. 6d., with cocktail glasses to match, 2s. 8d. each. The tray is in translucent non-stain plastic, decorated with a new type of underglaze decoration which will not rub off with wear. Price 9s. 6d.

4. A new recipe book which manages to combine the practical information one needs about cooking with an interest which rational cooking seems to lack. It contains unfamiliar recipes devised to make the most of rationed ingredients as well as some of the attainable trimmings.

PRESENTING arms—and shoulders—to the world after six months in hiding calls for a minor beauty campaign.

You can't step out in a swimsuit or an off-shoulder cotton unless your shoulder line is in good fettle.

Take a look in the mirror at the back of your shoulders and arms. Is the skin in good condition? Most likely not, for this part of the anatomy has remained invisible during the winter months, swathed in woollies, furs or scarves.

Now it is to make a public appearance once more, so if the reflection in the mirror reveals a slightly blemished, sallow skin, set to work at once.

Begin by giving arms, back and shoulders a thorough deep cleansing with cream. Apply the cream fairly lavishly, and have plenty of wool or tissues ready for cleansing. If possible, ask someone to lend a hand.

When the skin is thoroughly cleansed,

Cooling Fragrance

SUMMER perfumes should be chosen—and used—with discretion. Light perfumes with a flower base are more cooling on a summer's day than heavy, mysterious ones.

Here are some for you to choose from.

"Muguet des Bois" (product of Coty). Fresh, delicate and gay, this is a true interpretation of that lovely flower, lily of the valley, and will appeal to all ages.

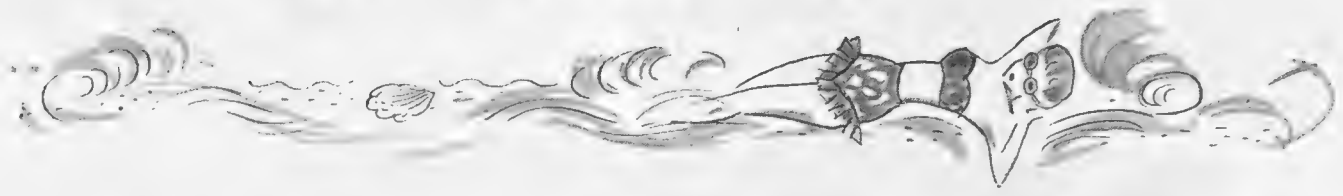
Twin perfumes—"Decision" and "Vibration"—both with a flower base, and can be used together without fear of a clash. "Heather"—by the same firm—is a good choice for summer in the country.

Try an old favourite, "Old English Lavender Water," on wrists and forehead when a heat-wave strikes. Nothing is more refreshing. It 's the perfect perfume for teen-agers, too.

A toilet water is a particularly happy way of using the light summer perfumes. Linden Blossom Toilet Water, for instance, can be used as a bath essence as well as a toilet water. As an attractive and generous-sized bottle costs only 7s. 6d., you can be really lavish with it.

Blue Grass Flower Mist and Night and Day Flower Mist are lighter versions of two favourite perfumes. Used after the bath, their misty fragrance will linger all day.

The Bare Idea



apply tonic vigorously. This will stimulate and freshen the skin. The ideal thing and well worth the small cost is to have a professional back, shoulder and arm massage.

If necessary, spread a bleaching or mud pack over the skin. This will help to clear up blackheads and pimples and will also improve the colour of the skin. Don't squeeze pimples or blackheads as this may cause a dangerous infection. Coax them to the surface by pressing gently with the fingers covered by gauze or tissue.

THE sun is wonderfully invigorating to the whole system but take it in very small doses. If you intend to have a brown shoulderline, use one of the excellent sunproof preparations to protect the skin. Remember to apply the lotion or cream evenly not forgetting the strips under shoulder straps. When you feel too hot retire into the shade at once.

Should your skin become sore or burnt, apply calamine lotion with cotton wool; dab it lightly over the affected parts and leave it on overnight. Cream it off in the morning.

Let the colour of your lotion and powder keep in step with the browning of your skin. As the skin goes darker mix a larger proportion of tan and ochre powders with those that you wore during the winter.

If you prefer to remain pink and white —or if your skin is too sensitive for the sun's rays—use a protective cream make-up or remain in the shade. Dust your arms and shoulders with a warmer shade of powder than you would ordinarily use to give the skin a warm glow. Use a liquid foundation, followed by a dusting of powder in the evenings.

The plumper figure with a heavy shoulderline should choose a self-coloured swim-suit with a V-neck while the woman who tends to reveal her bones can add a more becoming roundness to the silhouette by wearing flowered or patterned suits. In either case, remember that an amusing scarf can be a blessing on the beach to those who have not a perfect figure. . . .

For the excessively oily skin type, whose shoulders and back are spotty and coarse textured, there is a new preparation which works with miraculous speed. The preparation is a colourless fluid, with the power to dissolve the fats which, accumulating in the skin, can cause acne, blackheads, very enlarged pores and certain other varieties of the spotty and unsightly skin. One or two applications a day for a week or so should show great improvement in the skin texture.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Seasonal Reductions

THERE is no time like summer for tipping the scales in your favour, if you want to get rid of unwanted weight. Figuratively speaking, you have everything on your side. The right weather and the right foods in season to help you in a task which, once begun, will be found to be infinitely worth while.

A rigid diet is more possible now than at any other time of the year. For it is the season of salads, and it is salads, vegetables and fruits that are the best aids to streamline the figure.

It is, however, most important that you do not change your life with your diet. Your ordinary routine of work and exercise must continue so that your figure will require to draw on those excess fats you wish to reduce.

As I have said, vegetables, cooked and raw, are a valuable food for a reducing diet. They have a low starch content and are a source of energy. The same applies to the acid fruits whether in liquid or solid form.

Fats must be reduced to a minimum. Starches and sugar must likewise be cut down.

If the diet is to be effective the rules must be observed all the time otherwise it will be of no benefit. Be stern with yourself and the ounces will roll off, quite apart from improving your looks and your health.

Begin the day with a glass of water to which the juice of a lemon has been added. Forget cooked breakfasts for the moment and content yourself with a large glass of orange or grapefruit juice. Milk is sustaining and not too fattening and while it is plentiful will fill the gap left by the reduction of more substantial foods.

If you feel hungry in the middle of the morning eat an apple or have a glass of tomato juice.

Begin lunch with a bowl of vegetable broth. (This is quickly made in the pressure cooker.) Follow with a raw vegetable salad. Take pains in its preparation so that it looks attractive when you come to eat it. Any of the following may be included: unpeeled cucumber, lettuce, cabbage, watercress, radishes, tomatoes and any of the leafy green vegetables. Shred finely and chew well.

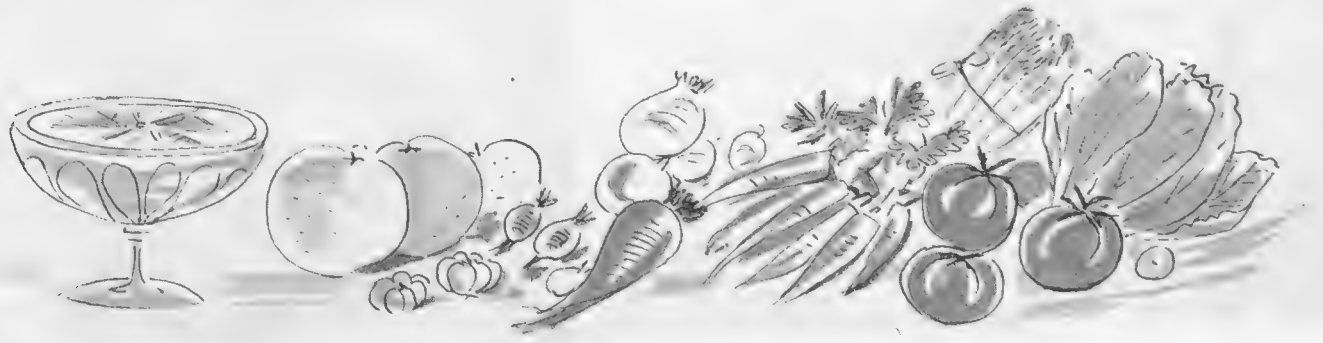
Fruit juices give a piquant flavour to green salads. Tomato, orange, lemon or grapefruit juice team well with salads, and shredded apple is delicious as an ingredient.

End your meal with a plate of cooked or raw fruit.

Eat the same courses for dinner with the addition of two cooked vegetables, one root and one leaf. Eggs lightly cooked and steamed or boiled fish (not fried) give substance to the main meal.

After the first week is over you can add to your diet. Include on alternate days at either lunch or dinner some crisp bacon, or a little meat.

Accept a potato occasionally. Avoid starchy puddings and pies and reduce your intake of sweets. Never drink with meals. Do your exercises daily.



Strawberry Marshmallows

COOL SWEETS

IT was easy to get in a groove over sweets, hot or cold, specially while ingredients were limited. The summer with fruit and more milk available seems a good time to refresh ideas on cool sweets, as we hope for weather which makes cold meals welcome.

When preparing cool sweets in hot weather it is as well to use good measure of gelatine, as it saves the disappointment of tumble-down jellies and too moist flans.

If you can come by a few marshmallows now sweets are off ration, then you can make a delicious sweet that combines well with all summer fruits; even the often despised rhubarb.

STRAWBERRY MARSHMALLOWS

Ingredients: 4 oz. pink and white marshmallows; 1 pint whipped, evaporated milk; ¾ pint strawberries or other fruit; ½ oz. gelatine; sugar to taste.

Stew fruit gently in a little water with about 2 oz. of sugar, varying according to fruit. Drain fruit, reserving about a gill of syrup and putting half in a pan. Cut up 2 oz. of marshmallows and put them with syrup. Stir over gentle heat till marshmallows dissolve. Heat remaining syrup; melt gelatine in it; add to marshmallow mixture, also fruit; mix well. Cut up remaining marshmallows, whip milk and add both to fruit mixture. When cool, pour into individual glasses or glass dish. Decorate with fruit and some marshmallows. (For cream, place tin of evaporated milk in boiling water for 3 minutes. This should be done the day before it is required for whipping.)

MACAROON CREAM

Ingredients: 1 pint milk; ¼ lb. macaroons; 4oz. sugar; tablespoonful flour; rind and juice of 1 lemon; cherries—angelica.

Make macaroons as follows: Place white of 1 egg in a bowl. Mix in 4 oz. sugar, 2 oz. semolina, almond essence to flavour. Should be a fairly stiff paste. If too moist add more semolina. Place teaspoonfuls of paste on very well-greased tin and bake about 20 minutes, Regulo 3 or 250° F. Line bottom of glass dish with macaroons. Make paste with flour and little milk. Boil remaining milk, pour gradually into flour, stirring till smooth. Return to pan. Bring to boil, cook gently, stirring about 5 minutes; add sugar and lemon. Mix well till sugar is dissolved. When cool pour over macaroons. Decorate with glacé cherries and angelica.

MIGNONETTE CREAMS

Ingredients: ½ lb. short pastry; 1 pint gooseberries; 1 gill water; grated rind of ½ lemon; ½ oz. gelatine; 1 gill very thick custard; 3 oz. sugar; mock cream; about ½ cupful of nuts; angelica.

Well-grease outsides of eight castle pudding or cup tins. Cover with pastry rolled thin. Prick well; bake in good oven, Regulo 7 or 450° F. about 20 minutes. Remove tins carefully and leave to cool. Top and tail gooseberries. Cook gently in pan with the water, grated lemon rind, and sugar. Boil till a pulp. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water; stir into hot purée—cool a little, stir in custard just before mixture sets. Fill pastry cases; when cold and set pile pyramids of any form of mock cream on top, chop nuts and angelica very fine and sprinkle over with cream.

Mignonette Creams

PACKED LUNCHES

THESE suggestions for lunch-boxes, with the addition of salad and fresh fruit, would be equally suitable for office or picnic.

Lunch Box 1

LUNCH BOX 1

Mixed Grill Croquettes

Ingredients: ½ lb. sausage meat; 2 hard-boiled eggs; 2 rashers fried bacon; 2 or 3 tomatoes; tablespoonful chopped parsley.

Roll sausage meat out on well-floured board, about ¼ in. thick, cut into pieces 4 in. square. Scald skins off tomatoes; cut in rounds. Chop bacon finely. Cut eggs across into four rounds. Lay two rounds of tomato on one half of each square of meat, sprinkle with parsley and a little bacon. Place two rings of egg on top. Season. Fold other half of square over with floured knife. Seal edges firmly, dip in milk and bread crumbs. Fry till golden brown both sides.

CAPPED SHORTBREADS

Shortbread Mixture

Ingredients: 4 oz. flour; 2 oz. margarine; dessertspoonful sugar; butter icing; chocolate icing.

Cream margarine and sugar. Work in flour to form a soft dough. Roll out about ¼ in. thick. Cut rounds about 2½ in. across and the same number of small ones an inch across. Bake in slow oven, Regulo 3 or 275° F. about 20 minutes. When cool sandwich small rounds on to large ones with butter icing. Coat small rounds with stiff chocolate icing, pulling it up into a point.

TOMATO CHEESE RINGS

Ingredients: 2 oz. grated cheese; 2 oz. margarine; 2 oz. flour; 2 oz. breadcrumbs; good teaspoonful tomato sauce; seasoning; cold water.

Add seasoning to flour. Rub in fat and mix in crumbs. Blend tomato sauce with cheese and work into flour mixture. Form into dough with cold water, roll out about ¼ in. thick. Cut narrow strips about 4 in. long, twist into rings, pressing edges firmly together. Bake on greased tin 15 to 20 minutes in good oven, Regulo 6 or 400° F.

LUNCH BOX 2

Aspic Cups

Ingredients: ½ pint hot water; good ½ oz. gelatine; ½ meat cube; 2 tomatoes skinned; 2 oz. diced corned beef, or other meat; cupful cooked diced vegetables such as carrots, beetroot, potato, beans; ½ cupful cooked green peas.

Melt gelatine in a little hot water, add meat cube; add remaining water; mix well. (*Continued on page* 65)

Good Mayonnaise

By Harriet Muir

THE secret of a good mayonnaise is the usual one, time and trouble. Mayonnaise will not have a bland creaminess if the heating is skimped. This is not due only to ingredients. Add the oil gradually and the vinegar last of all as it is liable to cause curdling of the egg.

MAYONNAISE

Ingredients: 1 egg yolk; ½ saltspoon salt; sprinkle of pepper; ¼ teaspoonful dry mustard; desertspoon vinegar; 1 gill salad oil.

Beat egg in a bowl, add seasoning, and mustard, whisk well, add oil a few drops at a time to begin with increasing to a teaspoon at a time as cream thickens. Beat well all the time. When thick and creamy gradually add vinegar. If too thick, thin with milk. Keep in a cool place.

Where the money GOES

THESE are times when value for money is a main preoccupation. The ability to shop with a well-informed discretion about values is as good for current budget problems as a raise in income.

A puzzle with which all of us are confronted when shopping for clothes is how to estimate the relative values offered between, say, a garment with a Utility ticket and one at the higher price. With the marked improvement which has taken place in recent years in the styling and making of mass production garments it has grown more difficult to decide when the higher priced article justifies the extra cost, and, if so, why?

We know that Utility clothes start with the advantage of a concessional reduction of purchase tax. Nevertheless, no one, however expert in judgment, would venture to say that as a general principle either the higher or the lower priced garment is to be most commended. Each must be judged on its merits in relation to specific circumstances.

When buying a dress or coat, or any other garment, make your observations with regard to value in the following order:

(1) Styling (naturally your personal preferences will decide this); (2) Quality of material; (3) Excellence of workmanship and finish.

If judgment is sound on these points the decision between a higher or lower price ticket is easier to make. It may be that your assessment of the value offered by the lower priced article will be reassuring. It may equally well be that the higher priced garment does not pass the test or vice versa.

The important thing, therefore, is to be in a position to judge what goes to make good value. Well, what is it?

All material, either wool, silk or cotton, can be submitted to a simple test. If it is thin (as opposed (*Continued on page 65*)

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fashion diary for 1949

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Five Stray Lambs (*Continued from page 12*)

officials tenderly assisting Aunt Bernardine to cash her gains. His eyes protruded with envy and injury as he watched packet after packet of crisp Bank of France notes being packed away in her capacious knitting-bag.

Aunt Bernardine smiled at him with her forget-me-not blue eyes. "Are *you* having a lovely time, too, Rex?" she asked.

He couldn't trust himself to reply. He turned his back rudely and strode from the casino.

This was an error of judgment, as he realized next morning when sitting in the sunshine outside a café in the Rue des Spelugues, he came to do a little totting up. Butterflies flickered over battalions of flowers in the casino gardens; all was beauty, everywhere—except in the stark figures staring back at Rex from his notebook. He began to wish he had shown Aunt Bernardine a little more blandishment last night. There was no question but that he was going to have to make a touch.

"Yoo-hoo, Re-ex!" called a deep, contralto voice.

He glared up. His aunts were in a carriage, passing by with a brisk clip-clop of horses' hooves. In the tawny shade under the white, tasselled canopy, they sat facing each other, in their most summery finery, complete with sunshades. All were waving at him gaily, except for Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—who was looking standoffish, and Aunt Bernardine, who was knitting tranquilly.

"The time of their lives," he thought, staring bitterly after the carriage. "*On my money!*"

THAT night, they were at the same table in the casino, and again Aunt Bernardine was winning. The pile of chips and plaques grew larger and larger before her. After watching for a while, Rex cunningly laid out his few remaining chips on and around the number which seemed to be the centre of Aunt Bernardine's game.

"*Rien ne va plus,*" called the croupier. He spun the wheel, dropped in the ball, and after a few moments his voice rose again: "*Zero. Le banc gagne.*"

The black rakes flashed, clearing the table.

"Dear me," said Aunt Bernardine, "something seems to have changed my luck. Let's go and settle our nerves with a *creme-de-menthe*, my dears."

Rex, practising fawning expressions, followed them to the salon. He made himself agreeable, finding a table for them, flattering Aunt Bernardine's skill, and ordering drinks.

"Though I'm afraid," he said, with what he mistakenly believed to be rueful charm, "you'll have to pay for them, Aunt Bernardine."

"Oh, poor Rex," said Aunt Hilary, with quick sympathy, "have you had bad luck?"

"So bad." Rex said, "that I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask Aunt Bernardine for a little money to carry on with."

"Of course," said Aunt Bernardine graciously, as she got out her knitting. "You needn't worry, Rex. I'll take care of your hotel bill and the expenses of the journey home."

"And—er—a little ready?" said Rex.

"To gamble with?" Aunt Bernardine opened her blue eyes very wide. "Oh, no, Rex, that wouldn't be at *all* right. We all had the same allowance. If we lose it—why, then, it's gone. Too bad. But to borrow for more gambling, that would be quite wrong—oh, quite."

"But, confound it," Rex shouted, "whose money is it, anyway? Who provided it, in the first place? *I* did. It's *all* mine."

Aunt Hilary and Aunt April exchanged alarmed and wondering glances. Aunt Ellis—Mrs. Smiley-Wright—bridled. Aunt Bernardine was unmoved; she didn't drop so much as a stitch.

"The nice little books of travellers' cheques were a gift, Rex," she said. "You told us so distinctly. Didn't he, my dears?"

Her dears all nodded confirmation of an irrefutable fact. Aunt Tosti hummed "Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet bird sang."

Rex argued. He pleaded. He stormed. Finally, he rushed out into the night to explode in privacy on a seat in the moonlit gardens. He didn't stop swearing and muttering until a tall man in a dinner-jacket and a broadbrimmed white felt hat sat down on the seat beside him.

The newcomer lighted a cigar, and, shaking out the match, chuckled sympathetically. "Had bad luck, eh?"

"Bad luck?" Rex said. "Bad luck?" Words failing him, he flung out the hands of a martyr.

The newcomer glanced each way along the path moonlit between the flowerbeds. "Nice car you've got with you," he said.

"What good's it to me?" Rex said savagely. "I daren't sell it. I'd be jailed when I got back to England."

"The law's hard," said the man in the white felt hat. "Still, that car's a pretty fair indication of your financial status back home. Just possibly, I could help you."

Rex sat up. He peered at the lined, tanned face of his companion. "Help me? How, for instance?"

"I might cash you a little cheque, for instance," said the man in the white felt hat. "Say, a hundred pounds. Be any help?"

"I've heard of that game," Rex said. "Cash a sterling cheque out here, and you go to jail when you get home. Not me!"

His companion chuckled. "One or two clumsy operators have got people into trouble," he said. "True enough. *I'm* not clumsy, my friend. I've my own methods. I've obliged hundreds of people. None of them have got into any trouble yet." He drew a thick wad of thousand-franc notes from his pocket, riffled them carelessly, put them away again. "Well, it's your funeral," he said, and he made to rise.

"Wait!" Rex put a hand on the other's arm. For an instant, he struggled with his stupidity, his natural greed, but they were too strong for him; they always had been too strong for him. He licked his lips. "You—you really think it's safe?"

"I told you, I've never got anyone into trouble yet."

Rex glanced, hesitant, each way along the moonlight path. Above the palm fronds, the casino dome was picked out in electric lights.

There was nobody about. "Ah, what the devil!" Rex said, and he took out his cheque-book, unscrewed the top of his fountain-pen.

"Make it payable to Tyber," said his companion. "H. K."

He held a lighter while Rex wrote the cheque, tore it from the book. Tyber took it, waved it in the air, folded it carefully, put it in his breast-pocket. He kept his hand inside his jacket as he stood up, and his voice had a sudden cold, metallic ring.

"All right, Bellmore," he said, "now listen to me. Keep your eye on where my hand is, and don't try anything. You greedy ones make me sick. You're too easy. Didn't you know there are Scotland Yard men here in Monte Carlo, incognito, right this minute, on the watch to send information to England about people who've done what you've just done?"

Rex felt his heart turn sickeningly over. "You——"

"Me? A Yard man? Don't make me laugh," said Tyber. "But I know who they are. And your cheque, Bellmer, in a plain envelope, without covering letter, will be in their hands by eight o'clock to-morrow evening. Think you can explain that cheque when you get home, Bellmer, eh?"

A shudder went through Rex, uncontrollably.

"I don't think you can," Tyber said, "by the look of you. I think you'll do better to buy that cheque back. I won't be hard on you. It's worth a hundred pounds. You can have it back at the regular exchange rate—say, a hundred thousand francs."

"You're mad," Rex said thickly. "You've put one over on me, but you can't get blood out of a stone. You know I've got no francs."

"What about the old ladies you were with in the casino there?" (*Continued on page 52*)

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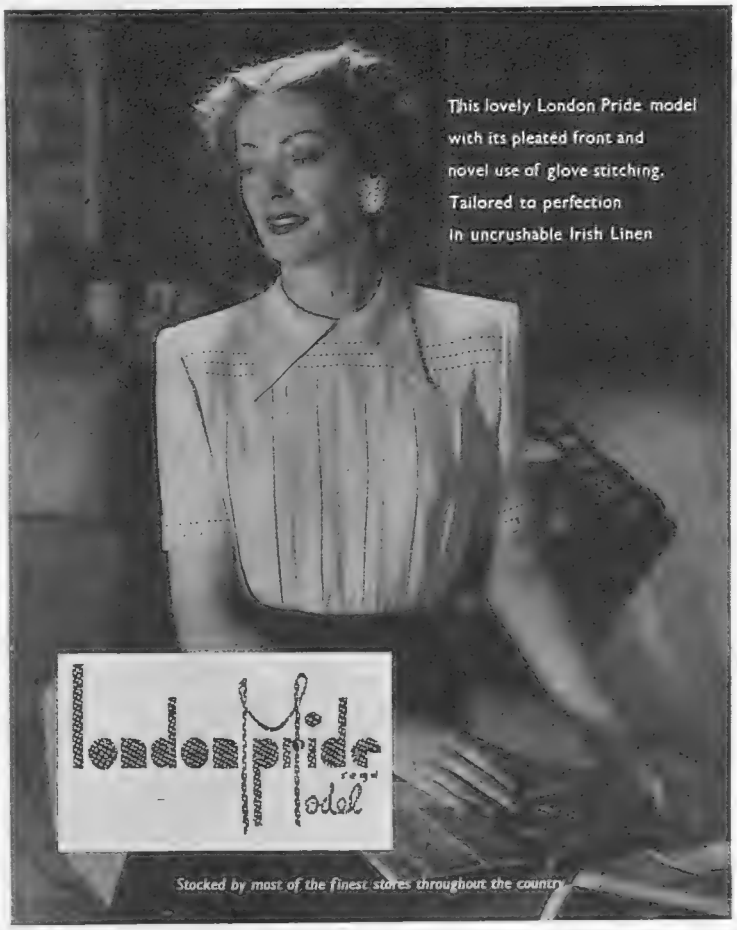
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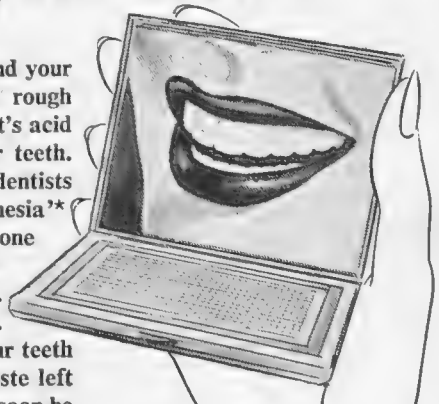

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Tyber said. "Your aunts, I gather. The old duck with the knitting bag's cleaned up over four hundred thousand francs in two nights. Will she let you go to jail for a measly hundred thousand? Better talk pretty to her, Bellmer. I'll give you till seven to-morrow evening. Be at the café at the corner of the Rue des Oliviers at seven sharp, with the cash. Fail me, and your cheque'll be in the hands of the Yard men by eight. That's a promise. Good-night."

He turned and walked away swiftly along the moonlit path.

Rex lighted a cigarette. His hands shook. He never had been so frightened in his life. Suddenly a dreadful thought occurred to him. Suppose Aunt Bernardine, in the casino there had started losing? Suppose she no longer had the money? He threw away his cigarette and headed for the casino in a panic.

His aunts had left.

REX spent a sleepless night, and on the dot of nine o'clock next morning he presented a haggard countenance at his aunts' hotel. The old ladies were at breakfast on the terrace. Sunshine through the grapevines, with their purple clusters, glittered on silver and china; the leafy pillars framed blue gulfs of morning.

The old ladies were chattering away, having a lovely time. Even Aunt Ellis seemed mellowed by the holiday; she offered Rex coffee. Aunt Hilary and Aunt April told him all about the wonderful excursion they had made yesterday, the wonderful excursion they were going to make to-day.

"We shall remember this holiday all the rest of our days, won't we, Hilary dear?" said Aunt April.

"An Indian Summer, April dear," said Aunt Hilary.

Aunt Bernardine, with a benign smile, got out her knitting. Rex cast a shifty glance round the terrace. They had it to themselves. He licked his dry lips, leaned forward in his chair.

"Aunts," he said, "I—I've got to talk to you. I'm in trouble. Serious trouble."

He told them about it, and there fell a long silence. They all sat very still round the table, looking at him. He shifted uneasily in his chair.

"You see how it is?" he said. "I've got to have this money. I've simply *got* to."

He looked at Aunt Bernardine, but before her calm, forget-me-not blue eyes, his own eyes fell. Aunt Bernardine began to knit, in the sunny quiet.

"I don't want to be unkind, Rex," she said, "but is there any real reason why we should help you? What you did in having dealings with that horrible man was quite wrong. You *knew* it was wrong. You knew it was selfish and wrong to bring us abroad with no other idea than to use us as a means of getting more than your fair share of foreign currency. Now, you've got yourself into grave trouble and you turn to us five old ladies, of whom you've not, after all, been so very considerate——"

"Lent Hall," he burst out. "That's what you're thinking of. Aunt Bernardine, you can't hold that against me, now. I tell you, this is a prison matter. You *must* help me. I—I—" desperate he played the only trump in his hand—"as a matter of fact, it may interest you to know that you've wronged me about Lent Hall. I've been thinking for some time that, now I've got it all redecorated and everything, you—" his face was flushed, he spoke like a man choking—"you might like to come back there to live. I——"

"*Rex!*" Aunt April exclaimed. She laid a hand on his arm. "You really mean it? You've been planning that, as a surprise for us, all this time? Hilary, you hear?"

"Lent Hall!" Aunt Hilary breathed. "The old, childhood days! Oh, Rex!"

"In any event," said Aunt Ellis, with a superb gesture, "it never was Simon's intention that his sisters should spend their declining years elsewhere than in the old family home."

"Dear Simon," said the twins, nodding fondly at each other.

"The only question is," said Aunt Bernardine, knitting calmly, "does Rex really mean what he says?"

Five Stray Lambs

"Mean it?" said Rex. "Mean it?" He gulped. "It's long been my dearest wish."

"You see, Bernardine?" said Aunt April reproachfully.

"How worldly you are, Bernardine," said Aunt Hilary.

"It isn't that I want to be worldly, my dears," said Aunt Bernardine, smiling, "but just so that everything shall be quite clear, I think we ought to have a little paper. I think that, if we all went to the manager of the English bank, he would probably draw up a proper little paper for us—just to say that Rex gives to we five sisters, in exchange for value received, the right of exclusive residence at Lent Hall during the lifetime of whichever of us survives the longest. Does that suggestion seem to you very worldly and uncompromising, Rex?"

Rex looked slowly round the little circle. All were gazing at him. They were old ladies. Aunt Bernardine, the youngest, was over sixty. The choice before him was one between tying up Lent Hall for what, after all, in the nature of things, couldn't be so very many years, and—but the alternative was unthinkable. The thought of jail terrified him. He swallowed hard.

"I think a—a little paper would be very sensible, Aunt Bernardine," he said.

"Then we'll go to the bank, now," said Aunt Bernardine.

"I'll go and call a carriage," said Aunt April excitedly.

"No, no, dear," said Aunt Hilary, "*I'll* call the carriage."

"*Rex* will call the carriage," said Aunt Ellis sternly.

"Yes, aunt," said Rex.

AT seven o'clock that evening, he was sitting at a table under the awning of the small café on the corner of the Rue des Oliviers. He had the hundred thousand francs in his pocket, and Aunt Bernardine had paid his hotel bill for two weeks. Not a penny more had he been able to get out of her. The rest of her winnings, right under his nose, she had presented to the bank manager, with instructions to distribute it among such local charities as he deemed worthy.

"In gratitude," she had said, "for our last, very happy visit to Monte Carlo. We're leaving to-morrow—by train."

Rex ground his teeth. Charity! She might just as well have given the money to him. He fingered the thick wad of notes in his pocket and began to wonder if he could somehow beat down this barefaced swindler, Tyber. If he could settle for fifty thousand, say. . . .

Emerging from his calculations, he glanced at his watch. Ten minutes past seven, and no sign of Tyber. At twenty past, there still was no sign of him. Rex's spirits began to rise—then sank abruptly again as it occurred to him that, if Tyber had been arrested, the cheque might have been found on him. His, Rex's, cheque! He shuddered at the thought. And at half-past seven, he left the café and headed for the casino. He must find out what had happened to Tyber. Rex felt desperately worried. Until he had got that cheque back, he would never again know an easy moment.

"Yoo-hoo, Re-ex!"

A familiar, deep, contralto voice checked him. He looked round. He was passing the brilliantly lighted Café de Paris. He saw the shimmer of Aunt Tosti's shot silk shawl. They were all there, sitting on pink-enamelled chairs round a table, with glasses of *creme-de-menthe* emerald before them. They seemed to be having a wonderful time. With them was a man in a dinner-jacket—a tall man with iron-grey hair and a lined, tanned, distinguished face. He had a broadbrimmed, white felt hat on his knee.

It was Tyber.

Rex swallowed with a dry throat. Staring, he approached the table.

Aunt Bernardine said to the greyhaired man: "Oh, Richard, this is our nephew, Rex. Rex, this is Mr. Richard Spedder. You've heard me speak of him—a very dear old friend of mine and of your Uncle Simon's. It was Mr. Spedder who (*Continued on page* 55)

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told me about the system, which I'm afraid I found so muddling."

"Muddling or not, Rex," said Mr. Spedder amiably, "your Aunt Bernardine seems to have done very well at the tables."

His handshake was firm and friendly—and Rex felt a folded paper pressed into his hand. He knew that it was his cheque, but his mind seemed dulled; it didn't seem to be working very well.

Aunt Bernardine knitted away placidly. "I ran into Richard again yesterday, Rex," she said—"after all these years. So fortunate! I asked him to help me in a little plan I had thought of when I was so lucky at the tables. Richard readily agreed to help."

Mr. Spedder smiled. "You know, Rex," he said, "this little party you see here has a very special purpose."

"Celebrating the return to Lent Hall, I suppose?" Rex said sullenly. He was still dazed, still scarcely able to comprehend the depth of his Aunt Bernardine's perfidy. She had tricked him, made a fool of him—him, Rex Bellmer!

"The return to Lent Hall?" said Aunt Bernardine. "Well, of course, Rex, that is a large part, a very large part, of the celebration. Because, unless I had first assured my dear sisters' happiness, how could I have been so selfish as to accept my own?"

Smiling, her colour a little heightened, she looked up with her forget-me-not blue eyes at Richard Spedder; and laying down her knitting, she held out a hand to him.

He took it in both of his, leaning towards her. "My dearest Bernardine," he said softly. "After all these years—these wasted years. . . ."

Aunt Hilary and Aunt April both touched wisps of lace handkerchief to their eyes, nodding happily at each other. Aunt Ellis lifted her proud chin.

"Bernardine and Richard," she announced defiantly, "will, of course, be married from Lent Hall, Rex—as Simon would undoubtedly have wished."

"Home," said Aunt Tosti, in her most thrilling tones. "*Home!*"

END

Five Stray Lambs

A Day For Princesses (*Continued from page 13*)

and before the mike, as well as at parties and social occasions.

All about princesses, little about princes, by comparison, these days!

People who complain or regret that women are not pulling their weight in politics and public life, as was expected of them, can hardly include the princesses when voicing their disappointment. The thought occurred to me when King Leopold sent his twenty-one year old daughter, Princess Josephine Charlotte, to Belgium, to test public feeling in his regard.

Surely a unique piece of scouting? And shrewdly done. Of whom have the Belgians conserved the fondest memory—of whom but Queen Astrid? Very well, here was she daughter of Astrid re-appearing in their midst and so recalling her mother that first day in 1926; in looks, in bearing, in grace, in stature, yes, even to the well-remembered white gown! Was it surprising that it was roses all the way—as in Astrid's day?

Hardly had this ghost-girl vanished from the news than in stepped Princess Margaret. Just a girlish holiday abroad; that gem, a first flirtation with the Continent (even this one), but did the newshawks hover and the camera wallahs wallow!

Perhaps Princess Margaret should have crept on to Capri later, not gone there straightaway when she was hottest news. Perhaps she will bear in mind henceforth that Calais has been photographed from Dover. Long-distance lenses were spared her uncle at Seville. Another new terror that *La Pauverina* had to bear in these enlightened days of British pauper travel, was the X-raying of her travel purse. *How much was the Princess spending, and on what?*

Not to mention the invasion of her hotel suite by sob sisters who told of the perfume she used, and other privacies. At least her uncle was spared that sort of thing: we never sought to know the number of stripes on his pyjamas.

At home 'tis oft-times sterner stuff for this bright and witty songstress, as she gains "an insight into the life, the work and the problems of the British people" in a round of visits that has included a murder trial as well as a debate in the House.

A time for princesses. The Benelux countries are well and truly cast in the princess mould in respect of their reigning houses. I mentioned Belgium. Only the other day Juliana of the Netherlands was still a princess of post-war, and she continues to show, as Queen, the questing vitality of much of the generation of young men and women who "got through the war."

THE reigning Grand Duchess of Luxemburg belongs to an older generation, yet is very much of this story of princesses. By her 1940 decision to reject Hitler's blandishments and cross to England, and later to America, in each of which countries she won a name for herself with her own people by the manner and content of her broadcasts, this Sovereign of a State no larger in population than one of our ordinary cities contributed, without any doubt, to Luxemburg's sudden and remarkable ascent in importance to be one of the Five Brussels Powers, true founders of New Europe, if a new continent it is to be.

Herself the second of six daughters, Grand Duchess Charlotte has carried on the feminine strain by presenting four princesses to her husband, against two sons. The two eldest princesses, Elizabeth and Marie-Adelaide, served with the M.T.C. in Britain during the war, probably not unconnected with their being good mixers now.

Of a family much given to sport, Marie-Adelaide is the best shot. Marie-Gabrielle (twenty-three) loves horses and in her less restive moments is a talented sculptress. Reared in an atmosphere of democratic simplicity, the Luxemburg princesses fall easily into the picture of a socially levelled land—perhaps too levelled for some tastes. Still, there's the family set-up. After having ruled over Luxemburg for nearly a thousand years and incidentally produced four emperors in Germany.

Where shall we start in Scandinavia? Copenhagen, Oslo, Stockholm? It hardly matters: there are princesses of all ages and sizes, so many of them that it is hard to keep track now that the *Almanac de Gotha* is no more, a casualty of Hitler's 1939 blitzkrieg. Pray don't think I'm forcing matters in order to construct my case of The Day for Princesses. Of course there are princes up north, young ones, too. All I say is: they are outnumbered and outshone by the princesses.

The King of Denmark calls Queen Ingrid his "dream wife." Still of the younger set, Her Majesty is a grand-daughter of the late Duke of Connaught and typifies the foreign princess who brings up her children in an English setting, having usually drunk of the same waters herself. A variety of things go to form this setting, from *les anges gardiennes*, as Marcel Prevost once dissected English governesses, to Fortnum and Mason.

Queen Ingrid fetched a Miss North early this year to governess her young family. Queen Ingrid's score is at present one daughter less than Queen Juliana. Princess Margrethe, Princess Benedikte, and Princess Anne-Marie. Over to Stockholm——

Princess Sibylle, widow of Prince Gustav Adolph who was killed in the same Danish air disaster as Grace Moore, mothered a son eighteen months before that tragedy befell. But prior to the birth of Prince Carl Gustav who will one day be King of Sweden, this forty-one year old Princess ran true to current form by bearing four princesses. Birgitta, Christina, Magaretha, and Desirée. Another line of Swedish princesses includes the youthful Ingeborg, who made an impression with her precocious (*Continued on page 56*)

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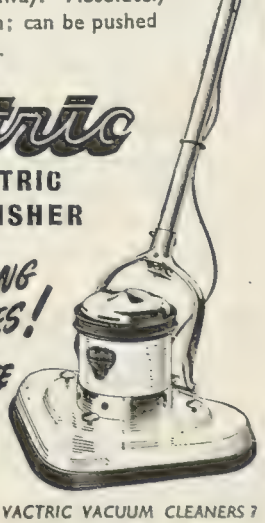

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savoir-faire when visiting London a year or so ago.

In Oslo, Crown Princess Marthe has two daughters now reaching interesting ages. Princesse Ragnhild and Astrid, nineteen and seventeen respectively. The latter is called after her aunt, the lamented Queen killed at Lucerne. Unlike the average Swedish princess, Queen Astrid had two sons to one daughter.

Come to the other extremity of Europe, to Athens, and there you will find further striking corroboration of The Day for Princesses in the personality of the young Queen Frederica, only daughter of the Kaiser's only daughter.

Across the Mediterranean, in Cairo, it is still a case of princesses. You remember the double marriage, King Farouk of Egypt to his Farida, and Farouk's sister, Fawzia, to the future Shah of Persia; likewise the double divorce affecting the same royal quartette. Farida's divorce was due directly to daughters: she had three of them in succession, and no son, which is no good at all in Egypt.

Fawzia's only child is also a daughter but that wasn't the cause of her divorce. She didn't like the climate of Teheran—not only the cold, but the dullness and the stiffness. Why, they even raised their eyebrows at her daring Paris creations—and she, Fawzia, one of the admitted most beautiful women in the world, and brought up in Europe into the bargain!

Running her sister-in-law close for looks and allure, Circassian-born Farida (formerly Aziza) may do anything but remarry (Fawzia has already done so). Intensely modern and Europeanized in outlook, the two princesses are tops not only in exclusive Cairo society, but in everything progressive and advanced in social welfare and cultural spheres.

Meanwhile, three other Cairo princesses are coming along nicely. These are Faizah, Faikah and Fathia, younger sisters of Fawzia. Faikah and Fathia, twenty-two and nineteen, have flown to New York and back. I can't trace a young royal prince anywhere. The heir-apparent is seventy-three.

And is this not a fit place to admire Princess Anne of Bourbon-Parma, who stuck to her man across hill and dale in Europe, not caring how many cameras winked at her love affair so long as all obstacles were overcome? In the end all were—except one. "News of the wedding celebrated according to Greek orthodox rites was received in the Vatican with distress. It was pointed out that Michael's Queen has put herself outside the Roman Catholic Church and is to be considered as living in sin. Only by doing everything in her power to bring up any children of the marriage in the Catholic faith can she hope to be absolved."

And so we take leave of the princesses by saluting their acknowledged leader as she enters upon a new life in Clarence House after some slight delay tactfully borne. Princess Elizabeth knows what we all know—that no prince was ever called upon to rule over an England more problem-ridden than the England which lies ahead for her.

END

Moving Day At The Zoo

(*Continued from page 28*)

prove awkward or recalcitrant, the staff have many guileful plans in reserve.

Some reptiles, of course, have to be carried bodily by the keepers. The task, to experts, is not so much dangerous as physically exhausting. Recently two members of the staff had the unenviable job of shifting from one den to another twelve large Indian pythons, whose length, in the aggregate, totalled well over 100 feet. This "removal" they accomplished within an hour—no mean achievement. For although not venomous, the snakes were certainly capable of inflicting severe bites. That the move was completed without mishap was due to the skill and dexterity with which the men tackled the job. Having agreed which reptile to catch up, one seized the snake behind the head, while his companion simultaneously grabbed the tail. Rendered thus harmless, each snake was in turn borne off to its new abode.

Moving the larger constricting snakes—the boas, reticulated pythons and anacondas, some of which have formidable muscular powers—is naturally an even more weighty proposition and often makes big demands on the available man-power. As many as twelve or fifteen non-panicky men may, for example, be needed to move a "twenty-footer," two-thirds of them concentrating upon the hinder end, wherein most of the reptile's strength lies.

Removals in the avian section are occasionally necessary, but such transfers, though to the uninitiated they may appear difficult, even hazardous, are usually effected with surprisingly little trouble. It is indeed often simpler to move a large bird of prey than many a small mammal or reptile.

At the London Zoo, "removals" in this section are normally a one-man job, for they are accomplished by the head keeper, Mr. David Lambden, whose experience is unrivalled. Masterly indeed are his tactics. Donning a stout pair of gloves, he enters the cage and entices the wanted bird into one corner by the offer of food. While it is eating he quietly bends over it and seizes the two wing-tips, which are then lifted up over the bird's back. In this position, even the most powerful vulture is rendered innocuous, for the head being thrown downward, the beak—usually the most formidable weapon—is automatically put out of action. Nor can the bird, in this posture, make any use of its talons. Carried thus, the fiercest bird of prey can safely be moved from one cage to another.

For the smaller avians the most useful apparatus, on "Moving Day," is the long-handled net, which, when deftly wielded, can catch up wanted specimens with astonishing dispatch. I have seen a large aviary housing 200 budgerigars entirely cleared of its quick-winged inmates within the space of ten minutes. The art lies not so much in a "good aim" as in skilful manipulation of the shaft carrying the net. An experienced keeper can round up any number of small avians in a very short time.

In the aquarium, "Moving Day" seldom presents many problems, most fish being readily caught up in nets of suitable mesh. There are, however, exceptions, for of course, not all the tenants of the "underwater zoo" are fish. There are, for instance, the turtles. And, as the keepers will tell you, they are a "horse of another colour."

Some time ago it became necessary to remove the whole of the turtle population—over a dozen—from their exhibition tank to another farther down the sea-water hall. And since some of the turtles weighed as much as 400-lb. each, the "job in hand" gave the staff some hard thinking. Various schemes were debated, but, for one reason or another, rejected. But, as often happens in other spheres, the least orthodox methods are sometimes the most effective, and so it proved in this case.

When "Moving Day" came, the tank was first drained of nearly all its 6,000 gallons of sea-water. Members of the menagerie's Works Department then removed the massive 1¼-inch thick front glass panel. Finally, four keepers, bearing a stretcher borrowed for the occasion from the First-aid Post, went up to the front of the tank and laid the stretcher level with the bed, while others, standing in among the turtles, bundled out each in turn. The animals were then taken off to their new home.

It was an odd scene. For a time the darkened sea-water hall bore a fantastic resemblance to a hospital ward! Incidentally, I think the turtles enjoyed "Moving Day" rather more than did the keepers, whose arm muscles for some while afterwards bore eloquent, if painful testimony to their unwonted exertions.

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Granny's Revolution

(*Continued from page 25*)

rooms of their homes. Surely, this was the average reaction of the public everywhere. And that was exactly what Mrs. Pankhurst wanted. She wanted to arouse attention, bewilderment, so that people might start thinking of her ideas.

In a lovely old house in Kensington "The Suffragette Fellowship," the organization which still keeps alive the great tradition of Mrs. Pankhurst's movement, preserves the trophies of the old battles. There they are, filed or in glass show cases, the faded photographs, the yellowed newspapers, prison records, circular letters, banners in violet, white and green. Amongst them there is a copy of the *Daily Mirror* of November 19, 1910, which is a rarity in three aspects: on its front page there's a picture of a suffragette struggling on the pavement under the grip of a policeman—a situation hitherto unseen in England; and under a Liberal Government the negative of the picture was destroyed on a back-stage government order, and the entire edition of the *Daily Mirror* had to be withdrawn from circulation. The one copy now on display in the Suffragette Museum is one of the very few which ever reached the public before the order was carried out. Needless to say, the Museum's custodian is proud of it.

There are iron chains in the show cases, slogan-stencilled rubber balls with pamphlets attached which would be thrown into Government offices and West End clubs, tin mugs, tin plates, tin spoons. Over the road, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, you may find bigger treasures, more valuable period pieces. Yet these relics here still hold a pretty close connection with our present times: thanks to the pioneer women who ate their prison soup from these tin plates, women to-day can become ministers, mayors, union leaders . . . and they certainly do.

A big poster at the entrance signifies the beginning of the militant suffragette movement: for forty years a gradually growing group of women tried to obtain the vote without even winning a single Member of Parliament to bring their cause before the House. It seemed equally impossible to win over the party press. Meetings were attended by women only. Peaceful demonstrations under the violet-white-green banner of the "Women's Social and Political Union" were ignored in the dailies. Well, if it needed sensations to get into the press, all right, sensations they would get. Mrs. Pankhurst took action.

Whereas other political campaigners tried to avoid police interference by keeping clear from traffic crowded points, the suffragettes would take the opposite course: they wanted their meetings to be broken up so that the incident had to be reported in the press. Next thing was to set out with the purpose of obstructing the police, also to break into male party meetings shouting their slogans and asking the speakers whether they were willing to support "Franchise for Women." As a consequence, hundreds of suffragettes were arrested. And once in prison they went on hunger strike to enforce release.

The technique of artificial feeding wasn't very far developed at this time. To be fed forcefully was a rather painful experience with very little positive result. It would weaken prisoners even more till they became too weak to endure prison and had to be released. Having recovered strength after a short period at home they were returned to prison, where the "cat and mouse game" started anew.

As a result, public opinion grew more and more sympathetic towards the problem of women's suffrage. The pictures of weak, fainting women, many of whom were seriously ill, being half-carried from prison by their friends and relatives, aroused sympathy, though the majority of men still abhorred the idea that their wives should mix in politics. It took a long time before the flaming enthusiasm of the few became a power of persuasion to the masses.

Not one of them was what one would call a blue stocking. Far from it. To name only a few, there was beautiful young Mary Blomfield who, when she was presented at Court, cried out to the King: "Your Majesty, please end the shame of women in British prisons!" Young Mary, of course, had thus jeopardized her social career and the "unhappy" girl was hustled abroad while big headlines "Suffragette in the Throne Room," embarrassed her parents.

One of the most fascinating women in the movement was Lady Constance Lytton, an excellent speaker with a brilliant brain. Belonging to one of the oldest families in the country her title made the police treat her with velvet gloves when she forced them to arrest her. So Lady Lytton disguised herself as a working-class woman, took on the name Jane Warton, and off came the velvet gloves. When Jane Warton left prison after serving her term, she was but a shadow of her former self. Partly paralyzed, she never recovered fully from the shocks she had suffered. The suffragette movement had its first martyr.

And then there was Emmeline Pankhurst herself, a slim, pleasant looking woman with dark blue eyes and a wonderful peach blossom complexion which she kept all her life. She was about fifty when the militant movement reached its climax. As her soft voice proved unsuitable for open air meetings, she was the first to introduce loudspeakers into the routine of political meetings. A distinguished, utterly feminine lady, a symbol of all the qualities we regard as womanly, it was not easy for her to make an exhibition of herself. And yet she had herself chained to iron gates to prevent the police from removing her during a speech.

First arrested in 1908, she was sentenced to five years for rioting. Soon she went on hunger strike, was released, was taken again. She played the famous cat and mouse game to the end. Her determination and stubborn energy made people think.

Mrs. Pankhurst had grown up in a happy family, and lived a contented married life. Her way of dress and behaviour was in no way what you would expect from a political agitator. However, the poverty of the masses in the later Victorian era drove her into politics. Charity, so very fashionable in her social circle, seemed a futile piecemeal affair to her critical eyes. Her sharp brains realized that more drastic steps were needed to bring forth a thorough change for the better, and in her warm heart she felt that a remedy was to be sought in decisive feminine influence on politics. Her daughter Christabel who has often been appreciated as the organizing spirit of the movement, certainly was the driving power behind Emmeline Pankhurst's long struggle for the political rights of women.

I wonder whether recent British history would have taken a different course without women's suffrage. Following their outstanding achievements in the national effort during the first World War, Englishwomen were given the right to vote in 1918. Originally limited to those of thirty years and over, in 1928, women's suffrage was revised so that women enjoyed the vote from the age of twenty-one, as men. Nevertheless, the balance between political parties has not apparently been influenced by the introduction of women into politics.

In general, women voters appear but to double the number of votes cast. Hardly five per cent of the seats in the House are held by women. As far as one can see, even women voters are in some way prejudiced against candidates of their own sex, and parliamentary parties are therefore a trifle reluctant to have their campaigns run by a woman.

This isn't an uncommon experience with women in any field of public life, explains Lady Violet Bonham Carter, prominent Liberal Party leader. Wherever a woman wants to compete with a man, Lady Bonham Carter maintains, she has to be at least three times as capable as any man in the same position. On the other hand, she explains, the interest of the public is much more focused on her, and her influence is, therefore, considerably greater once she has moved into the foreground of the political scene.

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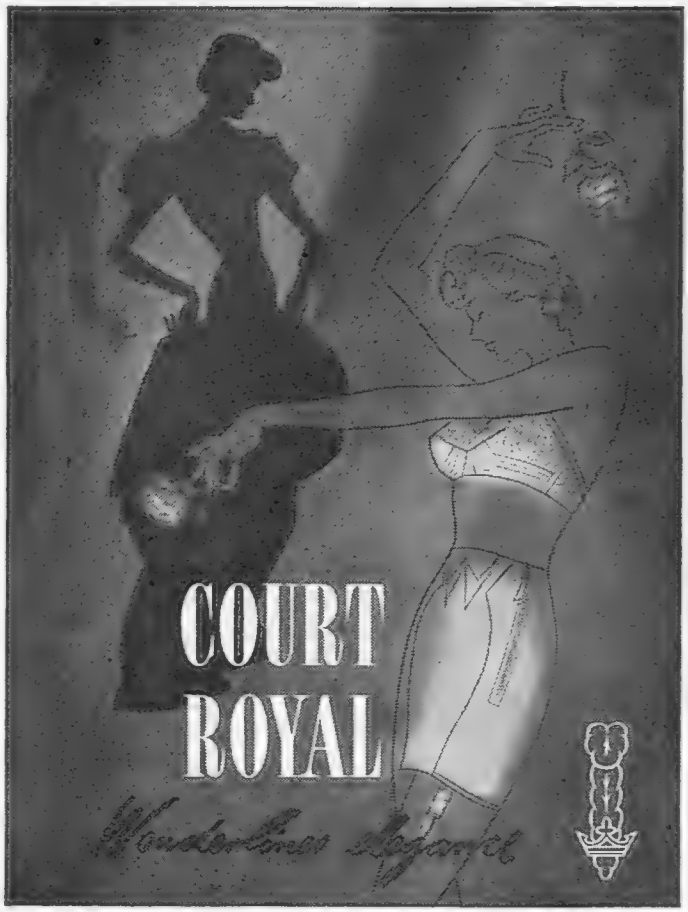

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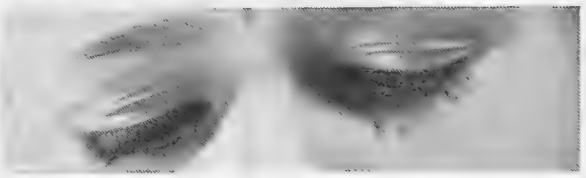

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Pearls Are For Queens

(Continued from page 19)

order when she heard one. She assented at once.

"But will it be safe?" she asked.

"No danger. You will take a taxi at the Bank and you will be accompanied by one of the night guards. He will wait for you outside on the Avenue des Sycamores and see that you're driven home."

MRS. MARSH-BRAXTON was a perfect match for her boudoir. Both were large, florid and lushly decorated. The lady was attired in a dazzling strapless white evening gown. She gave an impression of overpowering beauty without, in fact, being beautiful. She was clearly past forty, and the best that cosmetics—plenty of them—could do for her was two or three years. But she was not too vain to realize it, and had long ago left off playing at an official twenty-eight, settling for a wise look and a regal manner. She had both.

"Hallo, dearie," she said to Veronique, when the latter had been ushered in by a maid who promptly disappeared. "It was sweet of you to come yourself. I hope I didn't mess up one of your dates." She spoke a very racy French with a very broad British accent.

"No, Madame." Veronique was a little taken aback. "I don't have—dates."

Veronique could not have caused more amazement if she had produced an atom bomb and placed it on the small ebony table at her side.

"*Incroyable!*" screamed the English lady. She glared at the little stenographer as though at a kind of freak. She retreated and relaxed into a crimson love-seat, her gaze still enveloping Veronique. Then she lighted a cigarette, fixing it on a long ivory holder. "Dearie," she said, getting her breath, "don't be offended if I stare at you a little. I just can't imagine any such thing. No men! How do you do it?"

Veronique met the question with obstinate silence.

"You poor thing," said Mrs. Marsh-Braxton warmly. After four marriages and more lovers than she had been able to count, the phenomenon of absolute celibacy was something beyond her conception. She studied Veronique in the rose light of the boudoir, her mascara-ed eyes narrowing in appraisal. "Not bad—not bad at all. In fact, quite pretty. Young and fresh." Veronique found herself blushing. "Men are so stupid," Mrs. Marsh-Braxton went on. "Nowadays they think of nothing but running after fortune." A trace of bitterness crept into her voice.

"The necklace, Madame?" murmured Veronique.

"Oh yes—the necklace." An idea flashed through her mind. "Put it on, dearie," she said. "Do put it on."

Veronique opened the precious case, and with a practised hand fastened the clasp behind her neck. Then she stood still.

"Enchanting!" Mrs. Marsh-Braxton sighed. "How I pity that poor old necklace. It was destined for something better than the wrinkled necks of weatherbeaten old queens like Catherine—and me." She raised her voice in a kind of defiance. "Oh, Gee-Gee, come out and have a look!"

Something long and dark slouched out of a corner and it was only then that Veronique realized that there had been a third person in the room. Gee-Gee was tall, rangy, and marvellously handsome. He shuffled leisurely in the direction of Veronique and peered at her briefly. Lean and slightly stoop-shouldered, darkly sun-tanned with a shock of unruly blond hair falling over his right temple, he was a gigolo in the post-war manner, but this conclusion would have escaped Veronique. She was only aware that he was the most wonderful human being she had ever seen.

"I've had a look," said Gee-Gee in English, "and I'm leaving."

"You bad boy," accused Mrs. Marsh-Braxton. "I try to introduce you to a ravishing young thing and you get moody on me."

"Look, Wilma," said Gee-Gee. "She's not ravishing. She's not even pretty. You flaunt a skinny knock-kneed nobody in my face and you expect me to turn cartwheels." He put his arm around the Englishwoman's waist. "You're the loveliest creature around—and don't you forget it." He kissed her hand, bowed briefly to Veronique, and shuffled out of the room.

"Gee-Gee is a bad boy to-day," Mrs. Marsh-Braxton pouted. But something very like delight crept into her voice. Gee-Gee's words had a magic effect on her. She was suddenly overflowing with sympathy for the little French girl. She ran through her mind a number of possible gifts. Then, with a swift, impulsive gesture, she undid her bracelet. It was a narrow band of gold, set with small diamonds and rubies. As Veronique placed the necklace in its case, the older woman came to her and grasped the girl's hand, enclosing the bracelet in it. "This is for you, dearie—shall we say, for giving up the necklace? No, don't refuse. I want you to have it. You'd be so surprised to find what jewellery can do for a woman. It might even—find you a husband."

Confused, and in some obscure way ashamed, Veronique murmured her thanks, and gathering up her things flew down the stairs. She had passed the outer door, held open by a butler who bowed to her, and was rushing down the path to the waiting taxi when a tall figure blocked her path. It was Gee-Gee. He had evidently raced around the house to meet her, and was panting like a cross-country runner.

"Please don't go!" he implored. "For heaven's sake don't go before I beg your forgiveness. I don't know if you understood what I said up there. It wasn't very complimentary. You must forgive me. Mrs. Marsh-Braxton is a jealous old battleaxe and I just had to say it." He towered over her, and his voice seemed to drip down like honey. "I want you to know what I really think—that you're the sweetest, most exquisite thing I've seen in years. You looked in there like a wild flower in a hothouse. You don't belong in a hothouse. You belong in the open fields, in the fresh air and the sunlight. . . ."

Veronique felt the blood bounding through her body like a crazy horse, and little electric shocks flew over her skin.

Gee-Gee pulled out a card and scribbled something down on it. "Do promise you'll have dinner with me—say next Wednesday, at eight. It's a small restaurant where we can be cosy. Don't say no. I want terribly to see you again. . . ."

Veronique punctuated her words with little gasps: "No . . . maybe . . . yes. . ."

Then she fled into the taxi.

THE next day Veronique bobbed into the office at ten minutes after nine. It was the first time in her three years at the Banque that she had been late. There was a subdued buzz of astonishment as she made her way to her desk.

The Duchess, sitting on her left, dropped her work and whistled silently. Veronique had decidedly changed. For one thing, she had let down her hair, and now it hung in rich, loose auburn curls down her back. What was more, lipstick, powder and rouge brought Veronique's quiet beauty into sharp, brilliant focus.

By the time she caught sight of the bracelet, the Duchess was at the end of her astonishment. If the Duchess did not know pearls, she did know her diamonds. They had the sparkle of authenticity.

"Say, kid," she whispered, "don't tell me those rocks aren't real."

With a slightly disdainful movement Veronique held out her arm. "Of course they're real."

The Duchess examined the bracelet with the absorbed attention of an expert. "But the necklace . . .?"

Veronique hesitated not a moment. "Oh, that! I put it away. . . ." Then her lips curved into the faintest of smiles, and she added: "I got tired of wearing paste."

END

This nylon chiffon nightdress has an unusual cape collar effect which gives it a charmingly demure appearance. Both collar and hemline are edged with crisp frills, and the waistline is gauged with elastic thread. It washes easily, dries quickly and needs little or no ironing.

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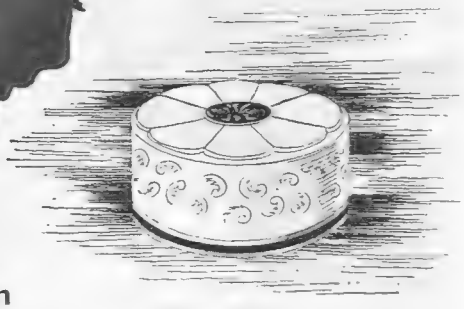

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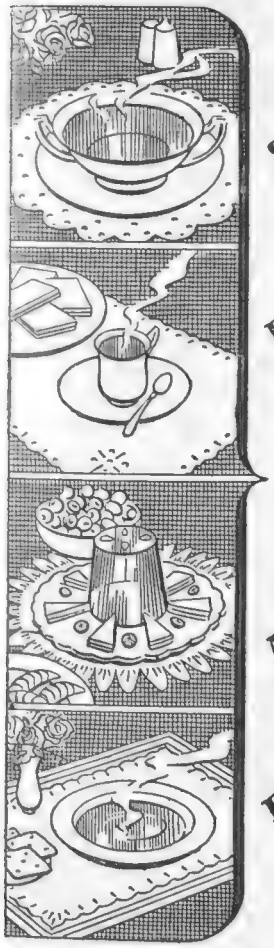

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Knitted For Sport *(Continued from page 36)*

CARDIGAN

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles cast on 50 sts. Rib 4 ins. k. 1, p. 1 rib. On the last row inc. in every 10th st. (55 sts.). Change to main patt. Work 6 rows, then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every 6th row following at the *side edge* until 65 sts. and work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row. Then k. 2 tog. at the beg. of every armhole end row until 56 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 5½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row. Work for 2 ins. *at the same time* dec. by casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 27 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows.

LEFT FRONT

As right, with shapings at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES

With No. 11 needles, cast on 52 sts. Work 2 ins. k. 1, p. 1. **Next row.**—* Rib 1, k. twice into the next st.; rep. from * (78 sts.).

Next row.—Inc. 2 sts. in the first 2 sts. Rib to the last st. Inc. 1 st. (82 sts.).

Change to No. 8 needles and main patt. and work until 17½ ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off.

FRONT STRIP

With No. 11 needles cast on 8 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows. Make buttonhole. Rib 3, cast off 3, rib 2.

Next row.—Rib 2, cast on 3, rib 3.

Continue making buttonholes 4 ins. apart, making the last one to come 1 in. above the neck line and work 2 rows after last buttonhole.

Work another strip, omitting buttonholes.

NECKBAND

With No. 11 needles, cast on 120 sts. Rib 1 in. k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth on on the wrong side. Sew up side shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on neck band. Sew on front strips (the top to meet neck band). Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

WAISTCOAT

until 60 sts. Work for 2 ins. on these sts. Change to No. 11 needles, work 1 in. Then inc. 1 st. at *side edge* on the next and every 6th row following until 78 sts. on needle. Continue until work measures 9 ins. at side edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES AND SLOPE FRONT

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row. K. 2 tog. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows.

SLOPE THE FRONT

K. 2 tog. at the beg. of every 3rd row 4 times, then at the beg. of every row, until 40 sts., then every 3rd row until 33 sts. *At the same time* k. 2 tog. at the armhole edge 9 times. When armhole measures 7½ ins.

SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of next 5 armhole end rows. Cast off 3 sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Work as for left front, with shaping at opposite edges. Making buttonholes as follows:

Work 6 rows (after the "point").

Then make 1st buttonhole. Work 3 sts. Cast off 3, work to end of row. Work back. Cast on 3 sts., work 3 sts. Make 5 further buttonholes 1½ ins. apart.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and shoulder seams. Bind edges with binding. Sew on buttons. Press seams.

Burns And Highland Mary

(Continued from page 24)

For years afterwards he wrote poems to her, and the staunch Jean understood; she was not jealous of his memories. His biographer, J. G. Lockhart, deemed Mary "the deepest passion Burns ever knew." Colin Rae Brown said: "Had there been no Highland Mary, would not the grand heart-utterings, the sweet soul-moving sentiments which she alone inspired, have remained unwritten?"

Sometimes it is the woman one does not get, the woman who for ever remains a dream, who has the most profound influence on one's life. Something of Burns's spirit stayed always on the banks of the Ayr, breathing May-time blossom and the fragrance of a love as fleeting as the miraculous spring that brought its flowering. The lass he immortalized—a life-size statue—gazes out over Dunoon.

END

Why Not Farm The Sea?

(Continued from page 16)

up the harvest bundled, ready for commercial handling. Those bundles—one year's experimental harvest produced 100,000 tons of them—were rich in protein and numerous by-products, and the result of the experiment was the knowledge that continuous cutting stimulated seaweed growth. So—we could produce marine composts from residue of the weed—*and return to the sea the nourishment it has lost in the last century or more* mainly through uneconomical fishing. Farmers do much the same on land. Until Britain farms her coastal waters, therefore, despite any progress made so far, our fisheries as a national industry can never be regarded as economically healthy. . . ."

"And those other by-products . . . ?" I suggested.

"Three hundred years ago, when England laid the foundations of her status as a sea Power, the English fisherfolk regarded 'black butter' as a rare delicacy. It was home-grown seaweed. Until the discovery of cheaper methods of obtaining iodine, Scottish seaweed provided the Highlands with one of its greatest industries. Farther afield, in Japan for example, the tropical varieties have been farmed for years, and converted into a score of different foods and domestic necessities, from jam and jellies to soup!"

Our brief encounter ended on that stretch of lonely coastline; I left this well-known marine biologist with what remained of his bread and cheese, his familiarly labelled bottle, and his practical hypothesizing. Then I paid a call on an industrial research chemist who, with a team of technicians, works out facts and figures related to seaweed harvesting in vast commercial quantities.

"Seaweed?" he said. "Certainly! You know, *one* of these days, if we're wise enough to take full advantage of an ancient, ready-made Home industry worth millions of pounds, Britain can make an enormous contribution to world trade. Cellulose comes first at the moment; a dozen and more new industries to-day are based upon unlimited supplies of cellulose, and the demand has risen phenomenally. That's only *one* use we can put seaweed to; others include such things as pharmaceutical goods, plastics, building materials, polishes, commercial gums, manures certain new types of foods. Even ice-cream. . . ."

That shook me. *(Continued on page 65)*

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". . . yet, with millions of tons of it just lying idle, largely ignored, around Britain's coasts, we have to *import* thousands of tons of seaweed each year. Mainly from Norway and Eire. . . ."

Sadder, infinitely wiser, I took my leave of him, still thinking of that lonely stretch of coast and my marine biologist. Towards the end of a memorable day I walked into the office of the borough engineer of a famous coastal seaside resort.

Almost apologetically, I suggested: "Seaweed?"

He nodded, sympathetically it seemed to me. "Bless you," he said, "why the stuff grows without any encouragement. In enormous quantities, too. D'you know, I'm told it would grow a lot quicker if it were to be cut regularly. . . ."

He lowered his voice.

"On this stretch of coast alone, at times we've shifted as much as 50,000 tons of it . . ." he spoke almost in a whisper, as if he were scared of being overheard, ". . . mainly because our visitors complained of 'the nasty smell.' *Couldn't afford to offend 'em . . .*" I heard him say, as I fled.

END

Why Not Farm The Sea?

Packed Lunches (*Continued from page 47*)

Stir in vegetables and meat. Rinse six dariole tins in cold water or wax paper cups may be used. Put a little jelly in each and a ring of tomato in each, add a little jelly to cover. Leave to set, fill cups with rest of mixture. Put to set.

NEAPOLITAN SLICES

Ingredients: 8 oz. self-raising flour; teaspoonful baking powder; 3 oz. margarine; 3 oz. sugar; butter cream filling; 1 oz. custard powder; 2 eggs; milk; flavourings; chocolate icing.

Mix baking powder and custard powder with flour. Cream margarine and sugar; add eggs, well beaten; mix in flour, etc., with enough milk to make a stiff batter. Divide mixture into three bowls and add flavourings to taste; about a dessertspoonful coffee to one bowl, a few drops almond and cochineal for pink in second bowl and a few drops vanilla in third bowl. Spread in three small oblong tins well greased and bake in good oven Regulo 6 or 400° F. about thirty minutes.

When cold cut in fingers, join the three colours together with layers of butter cream (2 oz. icing sugar creamed with 1 oz. margarine to spreading consistency). Ice fingers with chocolate icing.

END

Where The Money Goes

(*Continued from page 48*)

to lightweight), loosely woven and porous in appearance. If it crumples easily in the hand nd frays readily at the edges, you may depend that it will not stand up to much ear.

Good workmanship and meticulous finish e the best guarantees of durability and lasting good appearance.

Look as carefully *inside* a dress as you look t its outside. Make sure that turnings are sufficient to allow of wear and tear without bursting. Examine pleats to assure that sufficient material has been used for them to hang well without straining apart. Check the quality of linings; the sewing of their seams and the perfection of their fit within the outer garment. With tailored clothes handle lapels and shoulders to ensure that stiffening and canvas linings are substantial and, in fact, there at all. Look for well-made buttonholes, well-lined collars.

In weighing the values between a cheaper and a more costly garment look for all these things, allowing that more elaborate details of workmanship and the most costly of cloth cannot, obviously, go with a low-priced garment. The point is whether the standard is sufficiently high, in either case in relation to the ticket attached.

END

Little Lady In Grey (*Continued from page 27*)

is *she* was . . . you come out from your ordeal just as the gold emerges from the fire, more beautiful, stronger, and worthier in every way. It doesn't embitter you. Only the base metal gets burned and embittered."

"You keep speaking of her, Miss Taylor." Alice produced a delicately embroidered little handkerchief, and dabbed at her eyes. "Why do you? Did she ever . . . no, she couldn't have."

"*She did,*" said Miss Mary.

There was a long, long silence, during which Alice's great blue eyes gazed up at Miss Taylor in bewildered amazement. At last Miss Taylor said quietly: "Ring, will you please dear, and we'll have the tea removed."

This was done, the tray being carried out by an elderly maid in rustling black, and a white cap with a pair of wide starched white "tails" hanging down from it to her waist at the back, after the fashion of every respectable parlourmaid in those days.

"Shall I light the gas, ma'am?"

"No, thank you, Elizabeth. We'll sit by the firelight a little while."

This being settled, the maid withdrew, leaving the two women alone. Or perhaps, as it was the year 1887, we should say, leaving "the two ladies" alone. The firelight danced over the pleasant room, pleasant in spite of the appalling bad taste of the period; the crowding of ornaments, the picture-covered walls, the patterned blue and gold wallpaper, the great rushes in a tall jar in one corner, the turkey carpet, and the inevitable tiger-skin rug.

"Now, my child," said Miss Taylor at last, "I'm going to tell you about something I've never discussed with any living soul before. If I do, I trust you *never* to repeat it. It is because I want to help you, and I think perhaps this may help you. You . . . you are . . ." she hesitated, and once more "hemmed" slightly, "you are in love with Patrick Downe, are you not?"

"Oh, Miss Taylor . . ."

Alice covered her face with her hands in the approved fashion. It would hardly have been considered decent to reply in any other manner at that date, and anyhow, there was a feature in this particular case which made it almost obligatory. This feature Miss Taylor now translated into the cold reality of a stated fact.

"*And he is a married man, my dear!*"

"I can't help it, Miss Mary, I can't, I can't. One doesn't love people on purpose."

"I know, I know, my dear. Neither did she. She came to that quaint old school in Brussels, a little shy, homely, almost uncouth creature, and there she met . . . him." She sighed. "It was nobody's fault. It never is. Those things simply happen."

Alice laid her cheek against the black satin knee.

"Darling Miss Mary. You understand so well."

"I watched it all, you see, my dear. He was a strange sort of man, very dark, with flashing black eyes, rather like your Patrick, although perhaps . . ." added Miss Mary, producing once more the inevitable "hem." "I ought not to call him yours. There was something about her, that little lady in grey, that put her apart from everyone else in the place. She was like . . . yes, (*Continued on page 66*)

Munrospun have designed this charming and original cardigan in three shades of "Morning Haze" Wool. Pattern 5738, with instructions for knitting sizes 33" and 35", costs 5d. from your wool shop, or 6d. post paid from Munro & Co., Ltd., Dept. PR, Restalrig, Edinburgh, 7.

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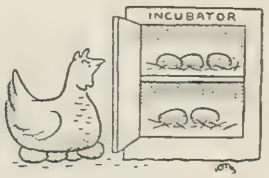

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almost like a little fairy; not the fairy-queen kind, you know, but one of those little creatures that are as invisible as the cobwebs in the dawn, the ones that leave sixpences in good girls' shoes, and things like that. It was only bit by bit that he began to take any interest in her, or to notice her. Just once in a while she would come out with a surprising remark, that showed you how wonderfully well-read she was, and how deeply she thought. I remember the first time, it was during the evening meal (I was one of the elder pupils, allowed to partake with Monsieur and Madame Heger) that Madame quoted the saying, in course of the conversation: '*On pardonne tout, tant que l'on aime,*' and added, 'as Voltaire tells us. My little grey lady looked up very shyly from her strange slanting eyes, and said, in a little voice that was barely audible: 'If Madame will forgive me, it was La Rochefoucauld who said that. It comes in his *Maximes.*' We were all what the French would call '*bouche-beyantes,*' my dear. That was the first time I ever saw Monsieur Heger look at her, really *look* at her, I mean. And she looked back at him. Ah me. That's the way those things begin."

Alice's tears began to flow again, but she said nothing.

"Well, my dear, there's only one thing to be done in a case like that, and eventually, she did it. I don't know, I never shall know now, what passed between them, or whether the thing was ever put into words at all. Likely enough it was not, but words are not always . . ." she abandoned that topic as beyond her. "I only know that some months later she left the *pension*, and went home to England. Often she wrote to me, for she was very, very unhappy, and bitter sorrows were around her. She lost her two sisters and her brother, almost within a year of one another. And she wrote to Monsieur Heger, once, twice, and again, but he did not reply. Perhaps he was wise. At long last, one day, she had a letter from him, but it was merely the letter of a cheerful friend, who no longer missed her. He added his wife's '*sentiments très agréables*' to his own . . . a cruel stroke, that . . . and she never heard from him again. Of course, he was perfectly right," added Miss Taylor hastily. "But . . . well . . . I somehow think he might have left out that bit about his wife. However, there she was, alone, anguished, and without help on earth. What did she do? She faced it, my dear. She fought it. She lived it down. She conquered."

"But *she* had other things to help her, Miss Mary. She had genius, she had that to her world to walk in . . . I don't know what to call it, but she could put her sorrows into writing, and make comfort out of them."

"And you," said Mary Taylor gently, "have things that *she* had not. You have youth, beauty, health. You have your dear mother, your sisters and brothers, brothers of whom you may be proud, and not ashamed. You are not blind to everything further than two feet from you, as she was. Do you know, I have seen her writing . . . she would have to bend over the page in the candlelight until her little nose almost touched the paper (for there was no gas then), she was so short-sighted. And yet, look how she surmounted and conquered that, too. She wrote books that will live as long as the tongue of Shakespeare endures upon this earth. And my dear, she had one other thing, which you have too. May I say it?"

Alice nodded, the firelight making a halo behind her golden head. She was very pale, but there was a sort of fresh courage and hope in her sad young eyes.

"She had a good man who loved her," said Miss Taylor. "He was not handsome, and there was nothing about him to set him apart from others, unless you count his quiet devotion to duty, which indeed, my dear, I think sufficiently unusual in a man. But then, I'm a sour old spinster! Oh no . . . he hadn't the violent fascination of Monsieur Heger, nor those black eyes that said such things . . . nor his wit, nor his unexpected rages, nor the sweetness of his calm after a storm. But . . . well, do you know," said Miss Mary, quietly producing a little "*maxime*" of her own, "I sometimes think, Alice my dear, that there are only two sorts of husbands in the world, the bad ones, and the dull ones." She proceeded, without the slightest awareness of having said anything unusual, "Mr. Nicholls, her father's curate at Haworth, may not have been exactly dull, but he certainly would never set the Thames on fire. And yet, how faithful he was to her! How he waited. And how wise . . . I repeat, how wise she was, Alice dear, to say yes to him in the end. Oh what sorrow she might have saved herself by saying it earlier. Do you know what were the very last conscious words she spoke, just a little while before she died? 'Oh,' she whispered, 'I am not going to die, am I? God will not separate us. We have been so happy.'"

There was a deep stillness in the room, broken only by the whispering of the fire.

"I know why you told me all this," murmured Alice at last. "You're thinking of John."

"Yes my dear. I am thinking of John Mordaunt, that nice steady young fellow who loves you so truly. Don't you really think life with him would be happier than it might be if you committed the folly of running off with this handsome Irishman, even though he *can* steal your heart with a look or a sigh? And . . . don't you think, perhaps, that a man who can treat one woman as he is treating his wife, might very easily do the same thing again to another?"

She was wise enough to leave the matter there, hoping that she had made some sort of an answer to the distracted appeal for help received from Alice's mother. She did not attempt to enforce any reply. She merely patted the girl's head, and then rose from her armchair.

"Now, my dear, just take my advice, and while I leave you for a little while, sit down here at the davenport and write a short note to Sir Patrick, making it quite plain that you do not intend ever to see him again. I will have it delivered for you."

She stood still, watching Alice's face, as the girl sat there on the Queen Anne stool by the glowing fire. Her eyes were still dim with weeping, and her lips were quivering, but there was a sort of courage in her aspect; her head was raised. Hill Difficulty might lie before her, but in the far, far distance, perhaps, she sensed a very faint glimpse of the sapphire peaks of the Delectable Mountains.

"Yes," she said at last, with a pathetic little catch of the breath. "I'll do it, Miss Mary."

Mary Taylor came back, leaned down, and kissed her hair.

"God bless you, my dear," she said. "I wish you had known her. She could have helped you so much better than I. But . . . I *saw* it all, you see."

"Where are you going, Alice?" asked her mother, meeting her daughter the next morning in the hall, booted and bonnetted, her grey silk parasol, rose-lined, in her hand.

"I want very much to go and look at the Portrait Gallery, Mamma. May I?"

"I think you had better take Cooper with you dear, if you go there. It is not quite the place to which a young lady should go alone." A sudden suspicion leaped into her worried eyes. "You are not meeting anyone there, I hope?"

"Oh no, Mamma. I shall be glad to have Cooper with me."

Mrs. Mackenzie rang, and gave directions that the lady's maid should get ready.

"And be sure not to be late for luncheon, my dearest. That nice young Captain John Mordaunt is coming, and I have promised him——" she paused, then collected herself and went on more firmly, perhaps encouraged by a private note received by hand from Miss Taylor earlier in the day. "I have promised him that he may take you for a walk in the park afterwards."

She decided, tactfully, to leave the whole matter at that. Alice's cheeks grew very pink beneath her little pearl-grey veil, but all she said was: "No, Mamma. I won't be late."

She and the maid duly reached the Portrait Gallery, and entered the great hall. Alice, rather shyly, address the uniformed attendant standing there.

"If you please," she said, "could you tell me where to find the portrait of Charlotte Brontë?"

END

Mary Taylor, the great friend of Charlotte Brontë, and the "Rose Yorke" of "Shirley," died in 1893 at the age of 76.

MARY JUST

The Red Gods Of Russia Are Changing, But . . .

(*Continued from page* 15)

This may well be the explanation: it marks the end of a "political generalship" and inaugurates a different policy entirely: a complete "military generalship."

General Sokolovsky held his post for three years; his mission in the beginning was to collaborate with the British, French and American Generals who headed their respective armies of occupation. This collaboration, it will be recalled, was chiefly political, at least until the beginning of the "Berlin Blockade." Some Allied observers believed that General Sokolovsky was not always in agreement with the instructions he received from Moscow, but there is not the slightest suggestion that his departure was due to any difference of opinion. To believe this would be only another manifestation of wishful thinking. Unfortunately, there is evidence that the appointment of General Chuikov is closely connected with a new Moscow policy which is to be made manifest by the Politburo in Moscow.

General Chuikov's arrival was obviously timed to synchronize with the annual spring manœuvres in the Russian Zone. This year, however, the manœuvres are on a scale hitherto unknown. According to refugees who have crossed from the Russian Zone into the Allied Zones, a force stated to be approximately 300,000 is mobilized, mostly on the Baltic. Berlin advices state that new tanks and jet propelled planes are to be used in a mock attack on the Elbe. These things may possibly be, as the Russians claim, a mere matter of routine, but what does signify is that the whole policy has switched over from a semi-military plan to a wholly military one. Politics *per se* are now entirely eliminated, so that those who hopefully believed that General Sokolovsky's departure was due to "the victory of the Berlin Airlift" and, therefore, meant a resumption of the Four Power Administration, are seeing their hopes dashed, but perhaps not for ever. It is known in Berlin that before leaving Moscow for the German capital, General Chuikov had meetings with the two highest Red Gods, M. Stalin and M. Molotov, and it must be believed that he then received his briefing, but close observers maintain that although this latest Moscow shake-up means a tightening up of policy, it does not make war inevitable and the actual tightening up may be due to nothing more than the personal pique of M. Stalin. This is how some Moscow observers see it.

Just before the American Presidential Election, Mr. Truman was on the point of sending Mr. Vison to Moscow to talk to M. Stalin. This shocked the Washington State department and Mr. Marshall vetoed the visit. Then, as will be remembered, M. Stalin put out a personal suggestion, that Mr. Truman should go to Moscow; Mr. Truman declined and in no unmeasured language said that if M. Stalin wanted to see him, M. Stalin would have to go to the United States. M. Stalin declined, on the ground of ill-health.

This plea was no "diplomatic illness," but on the other hand, M. Stalin has always and consistently refused to meet Allied Chiefs unless the meeting (*Continued on page* 68)

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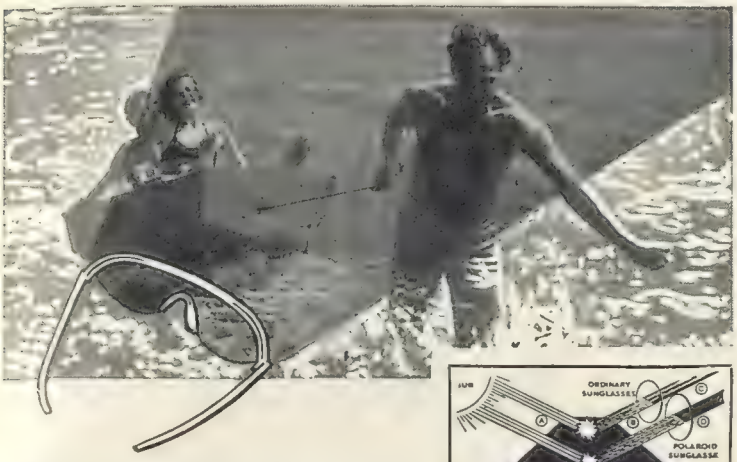

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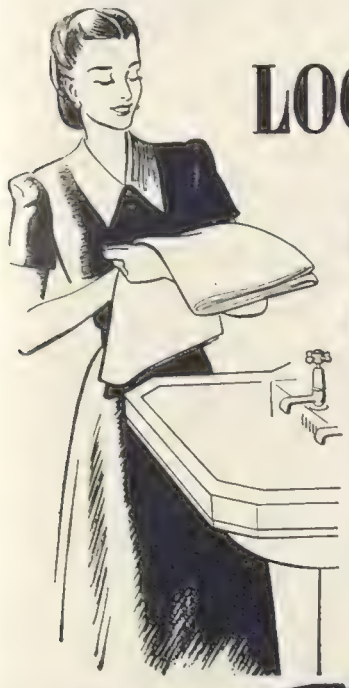

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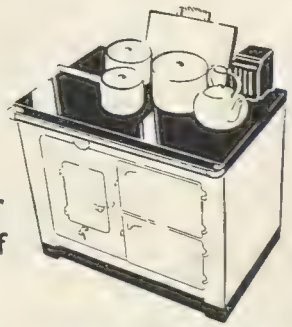

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took place on Russian territory or in a Russian Zone of Influence. He met Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt in the Russian Embassy in Teheran and induced the British and American statesmen to stay in the Russian Embassy, on the plea of security. The Embassy was, of course, Russian territory, and at that time the Persian capital was in a Russian Zone of Influence.

M. Stalin attended the Potsdam Conference, but remained in the Russian Zone. It was here that he suffered a stroke of apoplexy, which was communicated to the Press as an attack of acute indigestion. Since then his health has not been good and he has taken some care of it. It is known to foreign correspondents in Moscow that M. Stalin was grievously annoyed at the failure of his plan to meet President Truman. If this story of his pique is true, and there is every reason to believe that it is, it would not be the first time that mighty events have had their sources in petty events. But whatever may be the personal opinion of the Chief Red God of Russia, there is plenty of well sifted evidence to prove that although the lesser gods are constantly changing, when they continue to move in the same orbit, the Politburo, the Fourteen Men who form the quorum do not change their fundamental policy, which remains as imperialistic as it was in the time of Peter the Great.

NOT only in Moscow have changes been made; a minor Russian god has passed out of the orbit of the Secretariat of the United Nations at their quaintly named headquarters,

The Red Gods Of Russia Are Changing, But . . .

Lake Success. He is M. Sobolev, one of the organization's assistant secretaries whose duties were mainly concerned with the Security Council. M. Sobolev departed for Moscow in January, supposedly because a member of his family was ill. He told his colleagues he would be surely returning to America. Then, in April, the Russian Chief Delegate, M. Gromyko, handed in his subordinate's resignation. M. Sobolev formerly held an important post in the Moscow Foreign Office and is considered an expert on German affairs. A member of the Soviet Delegation has taken M. Sobolev's place in the Secretariat.

END

So You're Going On Holiday?

(*Continued from page 20*)

bored (and boredom can be a severe mental and nervous strain) going back to Deauville or Dublin, Sicily or Scarborough, just because last year they had a good time in one or other of those playgrounds.

I knew a man who has to deal with people all day in his job. He got the idea that he needed a complete change. So he went off by himself on a hiking and fishing trip. He enjoyed it, and now he takes the same kind of solitary holiday every year. I know another man who tried it. He is a ferry-boat chief purser. He told me about it, adding: "Gad, never again!" He really likes people. It pleases him to shepherd them, keep them happy. His job isn't a strain. It keeps him young, and in his mid-sixties he looks a spry fifty.

I've heard people praise bathing and sailing, and damn hiking and ski-ing, enthuse about summer holidays and sneer at winter vacations: and vice versa. It's all a lot of unthinking nonsense. When it comes to holidays, comparisons are impracticable. I lately was pulled into a minor argument of that kind. An old friend who hasn't been abroad since the war asked me about Sicily. He thought of going with his family because his army son had been singing its delights. I told my friend, who would be motoring anyway, that he'd probably have a better time with his wife and two younger boys around the western Norwegian fjords, where I spent a couple of weeks last summer during a Scandinavian trip.

They ship your car out for £8, which is less than half the cross-Channel charge. And although a café-society couple would prefer a Taomina to a Trondheim diet, an outdoors man, with a gardening-and-golfing wife, and a couple of lusty youngsters, would almost certainly do better let loose among the groaning boards of Norwegian tourist-inns, where scarcity of fillet steaks and thick pork chops is compensated for by abundance of eggs, creamy milk, cheese, butter, fish and chicken, and when you order smoked salmon, they bring you a succulent half-pound portion.

HOLIDAYS apart suggest compliance with the change formula. But that is really something as individual as a fingerprint. I knew a member of the Asthma Research Council, a leading physician, who one time when his asthma was playing up planned a combined holiday and cure (actually, temporary relief: the "cure" is fallacious) at a German spa then celebrated for treatment of asthma. But *en route* he changed his mind, and wired his wife to meet him in Paris. In Paris his asthma vanished, and it didn't bother him again for a long time. He was a man happily married. He enjoyed Paris in his wife's company. He was having too good a time to have asthma—that can happen to asthmatics, the relationship between the malady and the nervous system being intimate.

But this wouldn't have worked with another couple I know. She, gregarious, wanted a cruise holiday: he didn't. They went on one of those West Indies cruises. They bickered. She had a good time with the crowd until he, bored, started protracted drinking sessions in boat and hotel bars in company with an unattached blonde. On their return they had a final quarrel, and parted. He gave her grounds for divorce. It's just possible that they could have stayed together if they had taken their holidays apart. They might have returned refreshed and more tolerant of each other.

The moral of all this is not: "Stay home, and go to a popular seaside resort or a holiday camp." It can be put more briefly: "Use your head, and suit yourself."

END

Miss Perring And Lady Milmain

(*Continued from page 31*)

and applied it lavishly to her florid face.

"But aren't you dreadfully lonely, Lydia?" asked Miss Perring.

"Why should I be lonelier than you?" asked Lady Milmain with some asperity, even though no one could possibly compare their two cases.

"I don't know—I didn't quite mean that. I only meant that having once had a husband and a daughter——"

"Both can be a nuisance," said Lady Milmain. "I'm perfectly happy as I am. In fact, I often say I have solved the riddle of how to live, which is to live alone, always provided one can do it in comfort. And now Madeleine, we must think about your bus."

"ON top only," said the bus conductor. "But this lady has rheumatism," insisted Lady Milmain who in her relief at seeing the last of Miss Perring was ready to do all she could towards her comfort.

"Sorry, madam, but I can't ask anyone inside to go on top for her, can I?" said the conductor.

The question being unanswerable, Lady Milmain put on the expression she used to display her disgust with the modern world.

"I don't mind at all, Lydia," said Miss Perring. "I like it on top." She began awkwardly to climb the steps.

"I quite forgot to thank you," she called after her arrival at the top of them.

"Never mind about that. Good-bye!" Lady Milmain called back.

There—it was over. What a relief! Now she could return to her hotel and enjoy what she often referred to as her little evening drink. She had done her duty, and it would be a long time before she need again see Madeleine.

She entered the lounge of the hotel and trod gratefully on red plush carpet. The commissionaire had smiled at her as she entered, and a waiter was smiling at her now, for she had found it paid to be generous with tips. A woman she had "made friends with," jewelled, furred, and plump like herself, called to her from where she sat on a sofa. "Where have you been? I looked for you to make a four at bridge."

Lady Milmain lowered her bulk beside her. "My dear, I've had a dreadful afternoon." She told her friend about Miss Perring, and said how sad it was.

"Anyway, now that you are back among the civilized again, you can forget all about it," said her friend. "I always say it never does to dwell on misery. I believe in mind over matter."

Lady Milmain said that she did too.

MISS PERRING, from the top of the bus, saw a large black cloud hanging just above the horizon. Behind the cloud the sun was setting which caused a rippling ribbon of golden light to encircle the cloud. Seeing it, she reflected for the hundredth time in her life that nothing was ever as black as it appeared.

Her thoughts dwelt upon the happenings of the afternoon. Meeting Lydia in the street and having tea with her would normally have been enough excitement for one afternoon, but the conversation in the café had been enlightening in a positively stupendous way. Her mind had jumped to a miraculous criticism. Henceforth she would be able to look back without shame upon the night when Sir James had come upon her in the library. He had not meant, after all, to "take advantage" of her. It was because of her that he had ceased to love his wife. He must have "cared." As for his taking to drink, it was sad, of course, but easy to understand what might have driven him to it; life with poor, dear Lydia and frustrated love.

The bus stopped at Miss Perring's destination, and the conductor kindly helped her to alight. She smiled at him and thanked him, thinking that people were always nice to one if one was nice to them. Poor Lydia was so dreadfully curt. She had not even said thank you or please to that nice waitress in the café. Miss Perring had really been almost ashamed of her.

It had begun to rain, and Miss Perring cut short her reverie in order to open her umbrella, which, in a wind, required some degree of concentration. Luckily, it was not very far to the house which held her eyrie. When she arrived upon the door-step, she thought again that she was really very well placed. She let herself in and climbed slowly and painfully up the stairs. Her eyrie, when she reached it, struck her as a delightful haven. Rain was beating against the small window so that she could not see the sea, but she would draw the curtains and make herself really cosy, and later she would make herself a cup of cocoa which would be quite enough supper after such a large tea. She would even light her gas-fire, for the evening was a little chilly. She applied a match to the fire but all it did was to make a popping sound and almost at once go out. That meant another shilling in the hungry meter, but this evening, when she had so much to think about, she must be really cosy, and after all, if she put a shilling in to-day, she need not put one in to-morrow. She found the necessary shilling in her worn black bag, fed (*Continued on page 70*)

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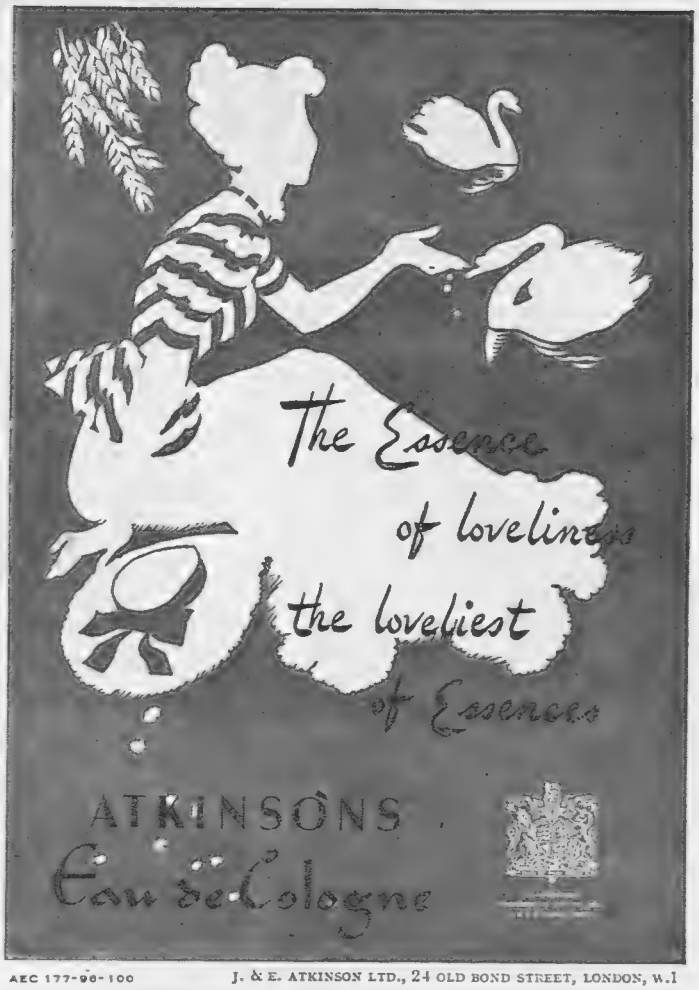

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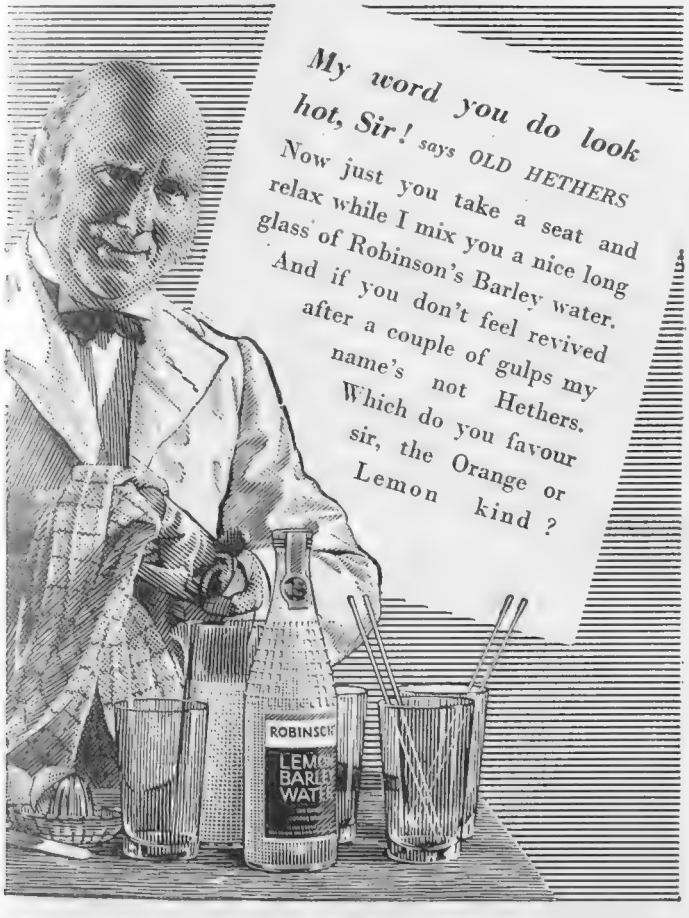

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the meter with it, and lit the fire again.

Next she removed her pudding basin hat and her damp out-door clothes. Then she exchanged her threadbare skirt and jumper for the brown dressing-gown that hung behind the door. After letting down the bed from its place of concealment she lay upon it, conscious of severely aching limbs, but warmly covered by the stained eiderdown. What would she give for a cigarette! Lydia evidently did not smoke, for she had not offered one, which perhaps was just as well, Miss Perring thought, for even one cigarette might have "set her off again," and she had long ago, on account of poverty, been forced to give up smoking. Poor, poor Lydia, she thought now. Of all people in the world, she seemed to Miss Perring the most deserving of pity for having lost the love both of her husband and her daughter, and for being so foolish as to imagine that the secret of happiness was to live alone. Poor Lydia. But at least, Miss Perring told herself, she had been spared all knowledge of the *truth*.

The hissing noise made by the fire worried Miss Perring. Lying on her bed, surely she did not need its warmth, yet, for some reason, a feeling of recklessness possessed her. "In for a penny, in for a pound," she told herself largely.

As she lay, the past, invested with new colour, began to live again in her mind. She interpreted almost forgotten words and looks as she had never thought of interpreting them before. Sir James became James, a great and good man, desperately in need of sympathy and love; a man who, once late at night, when confronted without warning by the innocent object of his desire, had shown himself to be the slave of a frustrated passion.

"Neither of us," Miss Perring told herself, "ever referred again to the happenings of that night," forgetting that, as she had left the house the next day and had never seen Sir James again, to do so would have been hardly possible. "And," she went on to herself, "of course he never *wrote*," again not questioning the "of course," or feeling that Sir James as well as any man, was capable of putting pen to paper.

"His wife, of course, was a rather hard, superficial woman," Miss Perring began to tell an unseen audience, "who never really understood the greatness of his nature. You can imagine how terrible it was to find myself in such a situation—I, her oldest friend. I am always thankful that both he and I had the strength to resist taking our happiness at her expense."

The aching of Miss Perring's left leg, called by her her bad one, put a stop to this flight of her imagination. She got off the bed to find her bottle of aspirin tablets. Even they, her only antidote against pain, cost money, but never mind. If she took as many as fifteen grains the pain would surely be eased, and if it were eased she would sleep, and if she slept she *would* not need the gas-fire. Then again, sleep took the place of food, so if she slept she wouldn't need the cocoa either, which would effect yet further saving.

She took off her remaining clothes and put on her nightdress. She cleaned what teeth she had, turned off the gas-fire, took the fifteen grains of aspirin, and got into bed.

Slowly the pain eased. Miss Perring's mind returned to its reverie. All her life she had been poor, although never quite as poor as now. For twenty-five years she had been companion-help to a woman who, Miss Perring had sometimes thought, must have kept awake at night on purpose to think out new humiliations for her. She had often been cold and often hungry. She was even a little hungry now, but none of it mattered. It just didn't matter any more. . . .

The room had grown cold. Rain beat harder than ever upon the window but Miss Perring was oblivious to the sound. A smile curved the corners of her mouth. She had fallen asleep; assured and happy in the certainty of being a woman who had been loved.

END

Books (*Continued from page 32*)

produced. Here, too, is strong narrative power, vivid character-drawing. But foul language and crude sex interludes which could have been omitted from the 720 pages with gain, make it a book impossible to leave lying about or to recommend indiscriminately.

IT is sometimes the fate of "ageless" mothers to compete with their daughters in matters of love. Helen Hillary is such a woman in Faith Baldwin's **"Change of Heart"** (Hale, 8s. 6d.). From a trip abroad, as writer and broadcaster, she brings back a young war hero to add to her collection of conquests; and daughter Carol, already engaged, has ideas about him, too. This study of a sophisticated New York set opens with a visit to a costly little dress shop and remains essentially a woman's story: smart, clever, up-to-the-minute, as when someone calls a woman who betrays confidences a "platinum-plated sieve."

VETERAN H. de Vere Stacpoole's **"The Land of Little Horses"** (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.) is mainly Patagonia; his theme, the adventures of a scientific expedition investigating the origins of the horse, the disturbing reactions of a young wife in the party to its eccentric leader, Moorhaze, who meets a tragic end. A good yarn quietly told, with phrases over which the *Blue Lagoon* author occasionally nods: ". . . she had fancied herself feeling a fanciful bliss . . ."; "Louisa found herself back in possession of her possessions. . . ."

CYRIL HARE chooses unusual backgrounds for his who-dunits: a fly-fishing club in *Death is No Sportsman*, now a local musical society in **"When the Wind Blows"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.), which turns on the identity of a clarinet-player in an amateur orchestra when a woman violinist was murdered at a concert. The trouble about being so ingenious is that the ultimate solution may be too involved to be easily credible. I would have preferred a simpler one.

RONALD LEWIN, introducing **"English Country Short Stories"** (Elek, 12s. 6d.) thinks the war left us with a nostalgic longing for rural background. These twenty-one moderns cover a wide range of mood and district: Constance Holme, Malachi Whitaker, Sid Chaplin the North; "Q" and Henry Williamson the West; H. E. Bates and T. H. White the Midlands; Hardy the South; Lord Dunsany and Leslie Paul, East Anglia. A satisfying collection, with Rachel Reckitt's distinctive engravings.

IN three short novels—**"A Fine of Two Hundred Francs"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.)—Elsa Triolet chronicles the Resistance exploits of a girl secretary, a painter, and a woman of the world. Since they are French, resistance to the Germans is stronger than resistance to *l'amour*, of which there is plenty for romantic relief. Louise, who buried her notebooks under a peach tree before she was executed, even knew the best cure for sea-sickness—"to embrace the first sailor you meet. I've tried it crossing the Mediterranean, and I know from experience that it works." Mlle Triolet—*Prix Gonçourt* for Fiction—is a woman's writer, femininely realistic.

"THERE are people who . . . who commit crimes," says rich Miss Stanhope. "They must seem like everyone else until they're found out. That's why there is nothing to stop them." This gives the key to H. R. Hays's **"Lie Down in Darkness"** (Hale, 8s. 6d.), a tense suburban drama of affection between two women turning to hate, terror, and worse.

I DON'T know if lurid language is a commonplace in New Zealand provincial towns, especially in the Irish Catholic belt, but there's plenty in Dan Davin's **"Roads from Home"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), a tough story of family rivalries and competitive love with a filmic car-versus-train crash for climax.

I EXPECT teen-agers to revel in Kate Mary Bruce's **"Daughters"** (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.), a bright, amusing story of two nice girls who go to London to study dramatic art with a third, a Cockney evacuee, to look after them, and learn something of the under-side of life. There's a gem of an aunt who says: "Love is like flu. If you've got a sore throat and a headache, you wonder if you've flu, but if you've really got flu you jolly well know you have. Love's the same."

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers are: **"The Essays of William Hazlitt,"** with an introduction by Catherine Macdonald Maclean, illustrated with reproductions of contemporary portraits and other paintings (Macdonald Illustrated Classics, 8s. 6d.); **"Inky Blossoms,"** a collection of delightful short essays by C. B. Mortlock with an introduction by Sacheverell Sitwell (Macdonald and Evans, 8s. 6d.); **"The Viking Lands,"** by Gordon Young, a book for the serious traveller as well as the fireside traveller to Scandinavia (Evans Bros., 9s. 6d.); **"Katherine Dunham, Her Dancers, Singers and Musicians,"** edited by Richard Buckle, illustrating some of her dance compositions in a series of action photographs by Roger Wood (Ballet Publications, £1); **"The Secret of Life,"** the story of the human body, simply told and graphically illustrated. Translated by George Rosen from the original work by Dr. F. Kahn (Odhams, 12s. 6d.); **"c/o G.P.O., London,"** by Rosemary Curtis-Willson. A Wren's reminiscences of active service during the war (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.); **"Manual of Historic Ornament"** (6th Revised Edition) by Richard Glazier (Batsford, 15s.); **"The Nursery Age,"** by Helen M. Cousens (Faber, 10s. 6d.).

NOVELS

Three new titles in the series of Pan-Books, price 2s. each: **"England Their England,"** by A. G. Macdonell; **"The Back Seat,"** by G. B. Stern and **"Under Capricorn,"** by Helen Simpson. **"Beauty is a Phoenix,"** by Jane England (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Praise At Morning,"** by Mildred Masterson McNeilly (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.); **"A Little Night Music,"** by Barbara Hunt (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"She Danced in the Ballet,"** by Berta Ruck (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Address Unknown,"** by Eden Phillpotts (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Fosterling,"** by Adelaide Eden Phillpotts (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.); **"Valley of Sound,"** by Lewis Arnold (Evans, 9s. 6d.)

FOR THE CHILDREN

"Six Tales of Sam Pig," by Alison Uttley, illustrated by Francis Gower (Faber, 4s. 6d.); **"The Weather Cock and Other Tales,"** by Alison Uttley, illustrated by Nancy Innes (Faber, 4s. 6d.); **"Children's Crossword Book,"** edited by Morley Adams (Faber, 3s. 6d.).

END

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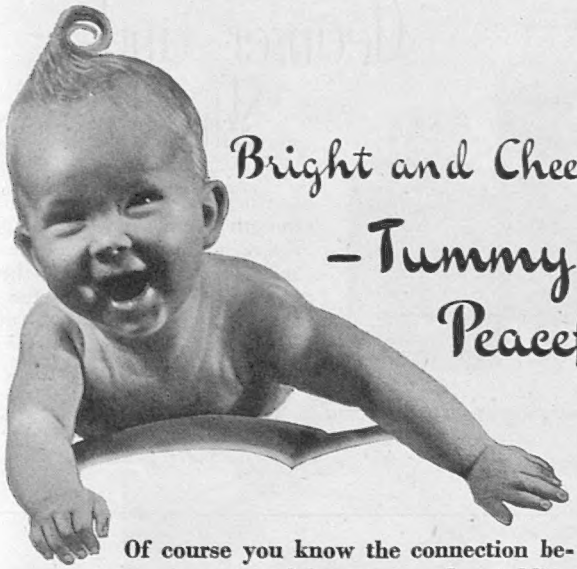

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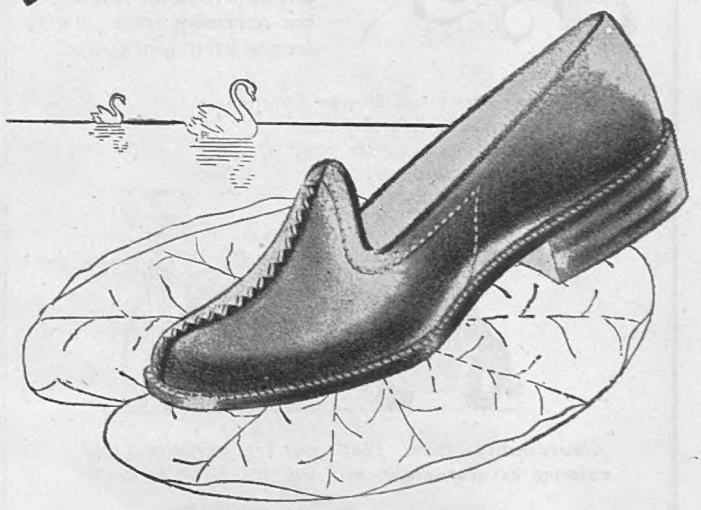

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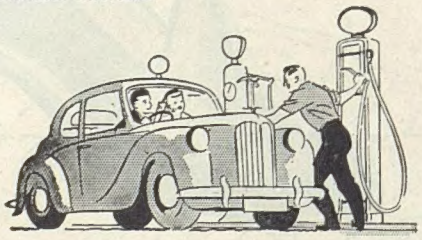

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